

# Grail

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SEPTEMBER 1951 • 25c

## TOWARDS PEACE ON THE PICKET LINE

SIXTY YEARS AGO when Cardinal Gibbons risked his prestige with the Holy Office in Rome by defending the "Knights of Labor," and Pope Leo XIII urged the workers of the world to form labor unions for their own protection, the average laboring man was in no position to bargain with the owners of business.

Today the picture has changed. Organized Labor enjoys undreamed-of power to exact justice when it is not freely given by Ownership. But the Christian workingman must never forget that this new power of his carries with it a responsibility towards the community in which he lives.

What are the workingman's responsibilities toward the community? He must see to it, first of all, that the things he makes are fit rather to use than to sell. He must take pride in work well done, and not be misled by radical union leaders in hating and fighting the boss.

Leo XIII would have the Christian worker "carry out honestly all fair agreements freely made, never injure Capital, never use violence in representing his own cause, nor engage in riot or disorder, and have nothing to do with men of evil principle, who work upon the people with artful promises and raise foolish hopes which usually end in disaster."

Under God, employer and worker should join hearts and hands on Labor Day, each realizing that without the other's backing and loyalty neither will be happy or successful. As Leo XIII put it, "Each requires the other; Capital cannot do without Labor, nor Labor without Capital."

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

## the GRAIL

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## A CARDINAL FIGHTS FOR LABOR

*Covelle Newcomb*

His vision saw far beyond his own day to a time when capital and labor could dwell at peace in one house—sons of the same Father.

**I**N THE AUTUMN of 1886, Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, though friends, found themselves in bitter opposition. The bone of contention was the Order of the Knights of Labor, a labor union

founded in the U. S. shortly after the Civil War.

Cardinal Taschereau had resolved to have membership in the Knights condemned for Catholic Canadians. In his eyes, it was anti-Church, secret, and a path to

revolution. His convictions carried their weight in Rome. The Holy Office decreed a spiritual death sentence, excommunication, for Catholic Knights in Canada.

Cardinal Gibbons was shocked into action; for this could mean only one thing: this extreme penalty would reach to the U. S. In 17 years the Order had gained more than a million members, many thousands of them Catholics.

But even greater than his fear of the ban was his determination to repel it. To do this, Cardinal Gibbons began a thorough investigation of the Knights of Labor, and instantly left himself wide open to the hostility of the whole Canadian hierarchy, to most of his own, and to the powerful Holy Office, and American capital!

In a mere moment, it seemed, the bright flame of his popularity burned out. A few months before, the nation had acclaimed his rise to the cardinalate. Now the public eye lit up with a fierce gleam, and saw his every move in a grossly false light. He wished to rule America! He coaxed confidences out of Grover Cleveland! He had visions of dictating the President's policies! Then, because he was fighting only for the oppressed, Cardinal Gibbons, the selfless priest who had worked all his life to help his fellow men and to be a friend to everyone, had become a menace! His opponents called

him radical, anarchist, upstart, enemy of the rich. Capitalistic fury thrashed at his probings into factories, wages, hours, working conditions. It reached flood tide, but could not drown his courage nor wash him out of the chaos by its waves of fanatical accusations.

Yet Cardinal Gibbons thought his popularity a small price to pay for knowing the facts that might save the faith of thousands. He saw it all as a question of knowing the truth. By the time he had examined the laws, demands, and rights of labor, and conferred with Terence Powderly, the Master Workman and a very fervent Catholic, alone and with the President, he knew all there was to know.

Cardinal Taschereau's fears, although genuine, were groundless. Nothing in the Order was contrary to the teachings of the Church. It was not "secret" except to the extent that it conducted its business in closed meetings for self-protection against capitalistic enemies, and of this kind of secrecy Cardinal Gibbons wholly approved. Besides, the wealth of confidential information freely given to Cardinal Gibbons and President Cleveland by the Knights removed all charges of secrecy or danger to the government. On the contrary, labor wanted state and national supervision, and Cardinal Gibbons was out to see that labor got what it wanted. It was his



persuasive argument in behalf of the American workingman that led President Cleveland to found the first federal Department of Labor in our history.

But he'd only gone half the way. There was still the workingman's soul to fight for, and that fight he would have to wage alone. The liberal Presbyterian President gave him full support at home, but there was nothing he could do when it came to Rome. Fearlessly Gibbons contested the view of the Church officials. With the same frank courage, he wrote to the Secretary of Propaganda and deplored the impatience of the Holy Office. But he hadn't succeeded in changing matters one iota. The protest was not replied to; the ban still held. And there wasn't a priest in the world who believed that the Holy Office could be talked out of a decree it had passed.

Cardinal Gibbons called to Baltimore the twelve archbishops of the U. S. The twelve arrived, among them some of the most learned men in the country. Very soon, Cardinal Gibbons realized exactly where he stood—practically alone. He was forced to admit that he had but two supporters in his own country, Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane, and Cardinal Manning in England. Four against all the rest!

He had been lost in deep reflection when he rose suddenly and



said, his voice vibrant, "For the last time, I implore you to consider the facts; not Cardinal Tascher-eau's, but the proofs which I have obtained from the Knights of Labor. In all conscience, you cannot find the ban just. You cannot let thousands of Catholic workingmen be driven from the Church without trying to save them. If we allow the ban to exist, the results will be disastrous. For nearly nineteen hundred years our Church has been the protector of the poor. Our Catholic workingmen love the Church; they wish to save their souls; but they must also earn a living, and labor is now so organized that without belonging to the union it is almost impossible to earn one's living."

For a second or two he was silent, his eyes scanning the twelve who sat very still and made no answer. God help him. He could not make enemies of all these prelates with whom he had to work. Tugging at his cross, he said: "Let me repeat, it is impossible to read revolution into demands which are nothing more than a plan for better living, and if the laborer hasn't a right to this, no

one has! He faces the daily risk of losing his sight, his limbs, his life, of falling ill because of wretched working conditions. A sick man loses his job, a jobless man is without money. He becomes a public charge, loses his hope, his ambition. And added to that, you are willing to let him lose his soul without putting up a fight! I say again, there is nothing revolutionary, unpartriotic or irreligious in a man wanting weekly wages, an eight-hour work day, the abolishment of child labor, and healthy surroundings in which to work."

There was another pause. Once more collecting himself, he said, "To me, the poor mean something, their protection means something, and their souls mean everything! I am going to Rome. I shall put the case of the Knights of Labor before the most just of men, Leo XIII. I intend to fight until the Curia is persuaded to lift the ban!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when a prelate rose, aghast at the Cardinal's vehemence. "Your Eminence, never in the history of the Church has any man succeeded in that which you propose to attempt. No decree ratified by the Holy Father has ever been revoked. It is unutterably daring and quite impossible. I beg your Eminence to consider wisely ...."

"I have considered, your Grace."

And then a remarkable thing happened. Even though they believed that what he hoped to do was humanly impossible, they gave him their support. His courage and candor had carried its own message of the archbishops. When the conference closed, only two were against his stand and ten were with him!

One late, foggy afternoon in January, 1887, Cardinal Gibbons boarded a steamer at the foot of the Battery in New York harbor. He was bound for Rome, to receive the Red Hat and finish his fight for labor. No one who saw him standing unruffled, serene, greeting strangers with a warm smile, would have dreamed that he was sailing straight into trouble. And trouble was nearer than Rome!

Strolling the deck, he suddenly saw a distinguished figure surrounded by a crowd of well-wishers. He, too, was going to Rome, to receive the Red Hat and to finish his fight against labor. For a fraction of a moment, Cardinal Gibbons was filled with mixed feelings of shock, confusion and defeat. But he rallied quickly. As soon as he had got his breath back, he walked up to the prelate and tapped him lightly on the arm, saying pleasantly, "Good evening, Cardinal Taschereau."

Cardinal Gibbons' arrival in Rome was politely ignored. His

constant appeals were met without replies. There were no signs of weakening in the rock-firm Curia. Letters rolled off his pen to no avail. Again and again he called on officials of the Holy Office. They listened, without moving a muscle, to what he had to say, yet Cardinal Gibbons knew that those hostile to the Knights were being heard with a lively awareness. But if his visits were received with rigid silence by members of the Holy Office, the public was not taking them quietly. The press poked fun at his dogged persistence. Little sneering jests were stirred up among people like a nest of hornets. The jeers stung. He was white meat for cartoonists. *Puck* showed him raising both hands in blessing over a rowdy-looking gang of laborers giving chase to a non-union worker.

With a stony calm he kept right on, smiled at the grotesque caricatures of himself. However, toward the middle of February, his forced serenity gave way to outright desperation. On the 20th, nearly a month to the day before he was to receive the Red Hat, he tightened his lips in resolution and sat down to the business of writing one last letter to Cardinal Simeoni, the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the same prelate to whom nearly a year before he had written his

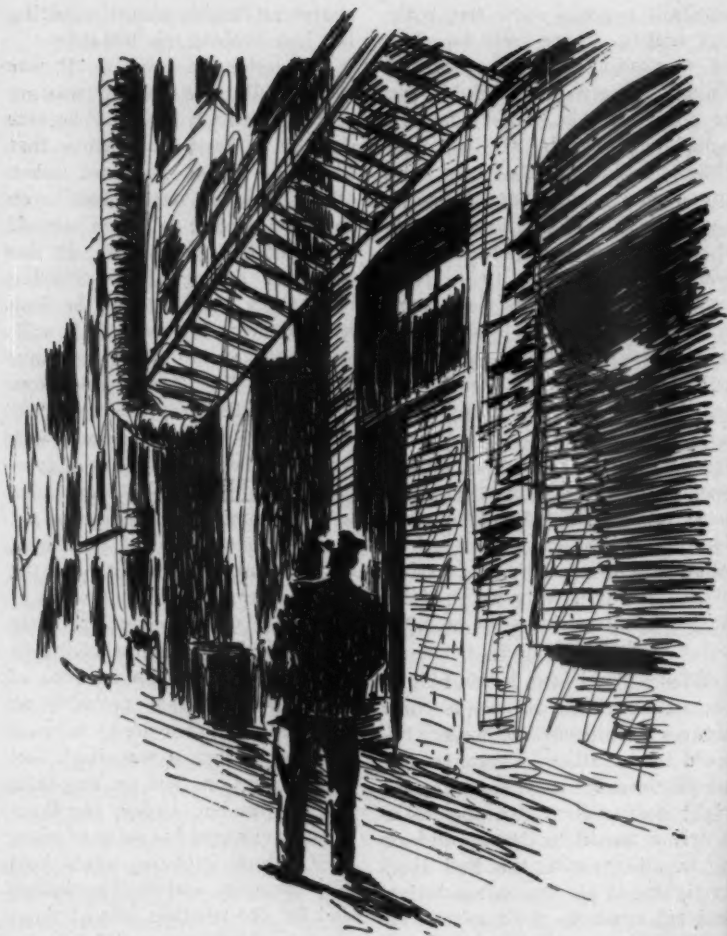
regret at Rome's haste in issuing the ban against the Knights.

The letter was posted. It was received. But the recipient was not stirred to a reply. When it became evident to Cardinal Gibbons that his final appeal had not taken effect either on the Prefect or on the fatal decree, he found himself with but one chance left. It was a highly daring chance, daring even for a Cardinal, but he took it. Mustering his courage, he called on one of the most important officials in the Church, the Commissary of the Holy Office.

Again his words were met with complete silence. The want of sympathy for his cause had extended to the Commissary. There was not even a stern denial of his ideas, only a blank wall of muteness. At last—he was human, not made of marble—his patience snapped. On rare occasions Cardinal Gibbons lost his temper. This was one of them. He did what probably no other man had ever done: he gave the Commissary a warning! Not a mild caution, but an emphatic roll of thunder. Unless the Commissary changed his point of view, he, Cardinal Gibbons, would hold him directly responsible before God for the needless loss of thousands of American souls!

For any man with a conscience, it was not an easy threat to ignore. For several minutes, the

(Continued on p. 18)



*He saw the tiny old man leaning crazily backwards as if he would tumble immediately on his head.*

# THE FAILURE OF ALEC HAFFERT

Alec was a failure in his own and everyone's eyes  
until one night he met a little man with a bent back, named Jimmie.

**I**N SPITE of his youth—he was only 24—Alec Haffert lived with a deep sense of defeat. Life seemed to be a struggle which involved him in one bitter disappointment after another. He lived alone in a small rooming house, and could never find a job that led to the things that filled his desires—wearing crisp, pressed clothes, being looked up to by office girls, eating lunch leisurely. He was a trucker in a hinge factory, and, before that, a hotel bus boy, and a freight elevator operator in a paper warehouse. He wanted to marry, to leave his lonesomeness, but there was no girl. There was no one he was close to. Every experience that stirred his life, took him from the routine, seemed somehow to become a defeat. There had been a waitress at the hotel. After weeks of pushing himself he was able to have conversations with her. When he was beginning to know her, and his whole life to revolve around the few chances he

had to talk to her while they were working, she suddenly was gone. No one knew where. Always he met defeat, in big matters, in small matters—like the night he found the little drunken man.

He had seen a movie that night—a depressing thing about a daughter who hated her father. He walked slowly along the street toward the rooming house somewhat relishing the thought of a long leisurely sleep. As he went, his short, thin body cast a gaunt shadow under the yellowish street lights.

When he was fifty feet from the Mead Street crossing he saw the tiny old man leaning crazily backwards as if he would tumble immediately on his head. With great exertion the crooked figure was shuffling slowly across the street.

Jerking forward, Haffert grabbed the old man as he started to drift into the bright rays of a truck. Haffert held tight to the black sleeve while the truck passed.

"What's the matter?" Haffert spoke hurriedly.

The little figure swayed gently in his grasp and there was no answer. Haffert took a firm grip on the upper arm. Like a broom handle, he thought. The thin face looked directly at him and the wrinkles deepened in the dim light of the corner lamp. The whole upper part of the old man's body remained at its sharp backward angle. Haffert wondered if someone had tried to break the old man in two. Why, his nose pointed almost straight up!

"You'll kill yourself. Where you goin'?"

The old man's mouth, lined and relaxed, twitched and opened slowly.

"Jimmy's all right."

"Where you tryin' to go?"

Haffert was sure the old man needed help. He felt a strong desire to do something, but he was so tired. The old sot, maybe he lives near here, he thought.

"The bus—Jimmy wants to be on a bus."

"What bus?"

With meek, childish eyes the old man stared at Haffert for several seconds.

"To the farm."

"What farm?"

"Jimmy wants to go to bed."

"Do you live on a farm?"

The old man nodded with his whole misshapen body.

"Where is it?"

"You know the Brothers," the old man tottered suddenly, almost into Haffert's arms, "Jimmy works for the Brothers."

Haffert steadied the old man. "The Brothers, what Brothers?"

"You know," it was more gurgle than talk, "at that big farm."

"Is it St. Felix's?"

"Sure, Jimmy works there—picked off tomatoes all day."

Haffert remembered the big farm some religious order had out on U. S. 50. He had passed it many times and seen the green and white sign: ST. FELIX FARM.

"There's no bus out there this time of night." Haffert spoke with a tinge of impatience, and he thought again of the warm bed. He let go of the bony arm but the old man began swaying wildly. Haffert grabbed him before he tumbled, and stood holding the crooked little man, wondering how he could do something for him in a hurry.

"Jimmy wants to lay down, anywhere." The old man muttered this looking away from Haffert, as if he were saying it to the lamp-post.

Haffert determined to call the Brothers. They can drive over here in a few minutes, he told himself. Propelling the old man slowly forward, Haffert crossed Mead street as soon as he found a wide

opening in the traffic. They reached the sidewalk again as two girls, their shiny faces glowing out of tightly wrapped white babushkas, walked briskly by, staring and giggling out loud. Haffert's mouth drew taut. He tried to hurry the old man.

"Jimmy's so tired—can't we be slow?"

"Oh, come on—" Haffert tugged on the skinny arm. He guided the weary burden for half a block. The old man said nothing, and Haffert hoped the Brothers would come immediately. They stopped in front of a shabby store. Its big window was full of cardboard cigarette displays, big red and yellow ones with pictures of grinning girls and sleek men. Haffert steered the unsteady figure into the shadows and propped him against the side of the building.

"Will you stay here and wait—"

"Jimmy's just tired—" The bent old man leaned backwards against the brick wall, and remained motionless.

"I'll fix you right up—now don't go away."

Haffert hurried into the dimly lit store. In a far corner two fat men without coats played at a big green-topped pool table. He heard the soft click of striking balls. A single hooded light gleamed over the two men and the moving balls. Lights over the other tables were out. The only other brightness

came from a small desk lamp on a glass counter. Under this light a dark man was reading a torn comic book. He was picking his teeth with a match. The dark man looked up at Haffert, holding the match in his mouth.

"Can I use your 'phone?" Haffert stopped several feet from the counter.

"Haven't got one." The dark man broke the match in two and tossed the pieces on the floor.

"Well, is there one near here—how about that Hoot Mon hamburger shop up here—they got one?"

"Yeah." The dark man's head went down and he tumbled a page.

Haffert turned and walked out. He wished he could be done with the matter. Swinging around the side of the building he peered into the darkness and for an instant could not see the grotesque little man. In that instant he found himself tense, and he felt a sense of relief when his eyes pierced the darkness. The old man was still leaning motionless against the building.

"Come on Jimmy, just a little farther." He took the old man's arm.

"Can I sleep now?"

"In a little while." They moved slowly down the sidewalk. Haffert hoped they wouldn't meet any more people.

"What's your name?"

"Jimmy."



"I know. Your whole name—what's your last name?"

"Jimmy, I'm Jimmy McGlynn."

"Do you like the farm?"

"There's going to be a big picnic Sunday. Everybody from St. Paul's. Lots of people. Big crowd coming. You know. You'll be comin'—"

"No! I've never been to the farm. Do you like the picnics?" Haffert began to feel a strain on his wrist.

"Jimmy sure eats at the picnics. Big crowd from St. Paul's. They come every year—sure they, Jimmy—" The voice faded and Haffert could not understand the mumble.

Haffert shifted his grip as they came near the blazing red neons of the HOOT MON DE LUXE SNACK PALACE. He guided the old man off the sidewalk and took him around behind a big tree. Backing the old man gently against the trunk, he spoke softly.

"Now just a little while, Jimmy."

"Jimmy knows you'll be back."

Haffert smiled and walked over to the Hoot Mon. It was a hot, smoky place, full of blue leather booths. High school boys in checkered flannel shirts and girls in green and purple sweaters filled the booths. They talked loudly and shouted at each other across the room. Two thin girls in white uniforms dashed back and forth

with trays of thick malted milks and sandwiches wrapped in white napkins.

Haffert looked about and stepped quickly to the rear where the public telephone hung on an open wall. Leafing through the inch thick directory he found the St. Felix number, put in a nickel and dialed. As he listened to the insistent purr in the receiver, he noticed a wall clock: 10:30. Probably wake the Brothers, he thought. But they'll be glad to have the fellow back.

After the purr had started and stopped, started and stopped many times, a drowsy voice answered.

"Hello." The voice was weak and grinding, like that of a man over seventy.

"Is this St. Felix farm?"

"Yes—" Haffert thought he heard a yawn.

"Does an old guy named Jimmy McGlynn work for you?"

"Yes—"

"A little guy with a crooked back?"

"Yes, yes, he does—"

"I just found him wandering around town. He's—well, he's been drinking. I had to pull him out of the way of a car. You'd better come get him, he's liable—"

"This is very late—I don't know how we can do anything—"

"He's going to kill himself runnin' around the streets—"

"Isn't there some way you could





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take care of him? It's very late."

"I just rented a room from a family, or I'd take him home with me, but I just couldn't—"

"He got paid today. He must have enough left for a room in some cheap hotel."

"Brother, he doesn't know what he's doing."

"Oh, you can probably find something."

"Look, I'm just trying to keep the old man from hurtin' himself—"

"We have to be up at five and it's very late. You can surely find some place for him."

"Brother, this guy needs care, and I..."

"Oh, he'll sleep it off, as he always does."

"Good night, Brother." Haffert dropped the black receiver back into the hook. Hell, maybe some hotel will take him. Haffert passed among the noisy, ruddy-faced youths and scurrying waitresses, and returned to the sketchy darkness of the streets.

Behind the tree he found the old man on the ground with his shoulder and head propped against the tree. His crushed hat was still on his head. Haffert stood over him, staring down at the face contorted in sleep. The hands had disappeared into his sleeves, and his legs stretched out as if the old man had simply slid out from the tree on his heels.

Squatting down, Haffert reached out to shake him, but then straightened up. Hell, let him sleep it off. He turned away and reached the walk as a multi-lighted cream and black police car moved past. Watching the two red dots of its rear lights float farther and farther away, Haffert stood motionless on the concrete. The old guy'll be better off there than anywhere else. It's not cold. Cops don't look behind trees. Nobody'll see him. He's not my...

Haffert took two weak, shuffling steps before he whirled and returned to the slumped figure behind the tree.

"Hey, Jimmy, let's go, come on." He grasped the lapels of the old man's coat and pulled him to his feet.

"Hey, hey there, Jimmy, come on, open 'em up." Shaking him, Haffert saw his limp head bounce gently on his chest. The old man began to babble. Haffert shook harder.

"... mm ... don't for, why ... sure ... so, so, so ... go 'way ... please ... I gotta, gotta, gotta—"

"Wake up Jimmy, come on, for God's sake, some old dame'll see you in the mornin' and call the cops, come on."

Haffert began pushing the old man toward the walk, and the languid, wrinkled face gradually lifted toward him. Propelling the old man along the sidewalk, Haf-

fert peered into the lifeless eyes, then watched the half-open lips move without issuing a sound.

With his burden, Haffert headed determinedly for the center of town. A middle-aged couple frowned as they passed. Go ahead and gawk, look stupid, stare, go ahead, go ahead. This is a man. See. He's a man. You old cow faces. He took a firmer grip, tried to move faster and began looking straight into the stares of passers-by.

"Where's Jimmy goin'?"

"We'll find you a bed."

"No, old Jimmy doesn't need a bed. Don't bother 'bout no bed. Jimmy doesn't want to mess up your house. Just let him lay down in your back yard. You—"

"Keep goin' Jimmy, just a little farther." Haffert pictured stout Mrs. Jellicott waking up and seeing him bring the old man into her spotless house. How she'd bellow. And if the old guy slept in the grass out back, some neighbor putting the car away would be sure to see the dark figure rolling around. Some old bungler might throw an empty milk bottle at him or even take a wild shot.

More and more people passed them as they came into the downtown district. There were no more half shadows in which to walk as dim forms. Now they were sharply outlined individuals caught in the glare of bars, restaurants and

theaters. Haffert marched erect. His face was set with a stern resolve to carry out the task. He wanted to shout at them, holler you don't understand, you don't, you don't.

Some paid no attention, but most of the hurrying walkers smiled and a small boy pointed at them and yelled.

"Look, mom, hey look, at the funny man, he's goin' fall, mom, look how funny, hey—"

Haffert kept to the outside, as far as possible from the store lights. A hundred feet ahead he saw a crowd breaking from the big lobby of the Palace. Overhead, the marquee blazed MANDRY MOONA IN FORGOTTEN NIGHT. Damn, we would run into a mob like this.

"Straight into 'em, old timer," said Haffert quietly.

"Jimmy doesn't feel very good—can we sit down?"

"Pretty soon."

They moved into the crowd.

"The old bum," muttered a woman in a shabby black coat.

Haffert met all the stares with a fierceness he was sure he had never known before. He felt almost intoxicated. Each laugh seemed to increase the intensity of the emotion. Fools, the fools, don't they know a man? A young man with a girl on his arm stopped smiling and frowned when Haffert felt the old man suddenly tug to-

ward the curb. Turning, he saw the old man gagging violently, his chest, shoulders and head jerking wildly. Haffert whirled quickly to the gutter and the old man emptied his stomach into the street. Haffert gripped both of the bony arms from behind. Now let them look, here's a real show. As soon as he felt the old man relax, Haffert urged him along to the corner. Forgetting the crowd, he

watched the old man as they walked. At the corner he bought a newspaper and steered the tottering figure into the doorway of a darkened store. He crumbled up a sheet of the paper and wiped the front of the old man's suit.

"What a mess. You sure have a tough time. Feel any better?"

"Jimmy's just tired."

"Have you got any money?"

"Sure."



"Enough for a hotel?"

"Jimmy's got money. Just let Jimmy in your yard on the ground."

"Let me see your money."

"Jimmy's got some."

The old man put a shaky hand in one pocket and fumbled for a few seconds, finally tugging out a small brownish envelope.

"You got paid today, huh?"

"Sure, Jimmy gets paid every month."

"How much you got left?"

"Jimmy's got plenty."

With some difficulty the old man put his gnarled fingers into the torn opening of the envelope and picked out two bills. Haffert saw one was a five.

"I believe you, Jimmy. Put it back in your pocket."

Carefully the old man pushed the bills back in the envelope, then pulled them out again.

"I'm not broke, see old Jimmy has got..."

"Sure, sure, I see—put it away before you lose it."

When the old man had the money back in his pocket, Haffert took hold of his arm and started again. A half block away they stopped in front of a glass door which read: SUNFLOWER HOTEL, ROOM BY DAY, WEEK, AND MONTH. There was a steep narrow stairway visible inside.

"Now you wait here a minute, Jimmy, and we'll get you a place

to sleep."

The old man leaned obediently against the front of the building.

"Stay right there now."

"You know Jimmy won't leave."

Haffert pushed hard against the door and went inside. Climbing the scuffed wooden steps two at a time, he came into a drab hall where a fat woman sat rocking. Beside her a radio blared music. The only light was a bare bulb which hung by a green cord from the cracked ceiling. The woman looked at him. She did not rise or speak.

"Have you got a room?"

"For how many?" Her eyes closed to slits. What a flabby, ugly face, thought Haffert.

"Just for one—but it's not for me."

"Yeah, what'd you mean?"

"It's for a friend of mine, he's right outside."

"Now listen, Mister—" The woman stopped rocking.

"He's all right, lady. He's an old man and he's been drinkin' some, just needs a good sleep."

"I ain't got any rooms."

"He's got money to pay for a room, he's just a harmless old man, wouldn't—"

"I told you I haven't got no rooms—" She turned away from him and began rocking with a quick, nervous jerk.

"Lady, this man needs help, he's going to kill himself roaming

around—I just pulled him out of the way of a truck—”

She turned her big face full on him.

“How many times do I need to say I ain’t got any rooms for him—?”

“Well, just a minute ago, when I came in, you were all set to give me a room, you even asked how many.”

“Listen, this is a good place, I don’t want no drunks sloppin’ it up.”

“He’s not going to hurt anything. He just wants to sleep.”

“Why don’t you take him around to one of the big hotels, see how far you’d get—what you botherin’ me for?”

Haffert stood with his mouth taut. The same dizzy courage which had carried him past the theater kept him talking.

“Lady, I’m just trying to help this old man—I’m asking you to do something for him—he needs help.”

“Get out of here.”

“He can pay you a good price.”

“Get out.”

“You don’t care much about people, do you?”

“You lookin’ for trouble—”

“Aren’t you going to let him have a room?”

“I told you I haven’t got no rooms—”

“Now—”

“You want me to call a cop?”

“—there’s—”

“He’ll take care of your drunken friend.” She jerked her head toward the radio, gave one of the knobs a vicious twist, and sat staring at the instrument as it blared louder.

Haffert shouted above the din.

“Thanks, thanks anyway, you’re so damn kind.” She didn’t move. Haffert turned and went back down the stairs. On the sidewalk he found the old man patiently waiting.

“No bed, Jimmy, lady says she hasn’t got a room.”

The old man looked at him without emotion. Haffert took his arm and steered aimlessly along. Every place will be the same, he thought, nuts, this can’t last much longer, this guy’s got to lie down. There was Soo Park. But somebody would find him there and he’d end up in trouble. Haffert was tempted to call the Brothers again.

The idea of the police station had been ever present, but Haffert had driven it away. Yet the old man had money, and a man with money’s not a bum. Maybe, he thought, maybe if I walk right in and vouch for him, they’ll just let him sleep there. He hated to go near the station. He fought the idea. But there was no other place.

With much difficulty Haffert prodded the old man two blocks to the ancient station. Only a few

people remained in the streets and Haffert hardly noticed them. He went over and over in his mind exactly what he would say. Leaving the old man in a dim alley near the station, he walked into the barny building and found the desk sergeant in a room smelly from cigars. A patrolman leaned over the counter, loudly discussing the town's six-foot-seven star pitcher with the sergeant. They stopped talking and both looked at Haffert.

"Sergeant, I've got a little problem."

"Yeah?"

"Could you put up an old guy for the night? He's got money with him and he's not a bum. I know him, works out at St. Felix Farm. I found him wanderin' out in the street—and he's liable to kill himself."

"He's drunk?"

"Well, he's been drinkin' a little, but he's not broke—just needs some sleep."

"If you leave him here, I'll have to book him."

"But if I guarantee he's all right?"

"That don't mean nothin' to me. If a man's put in here drunk, we got to book him."

"You do, huh?"

"Yeah, he's got to be booked."

"Okay, thanks, sergeant."

Haffert went out of the station. He was very tired. So tired. As he came near the alley, he saw the old man. He was coming towards him on the arm of a tall patrolman.

"Easy there," the policeman said.

"He's not a bum, he's got money with him," said Haffert, coming close to them.

"He'll be all right," said the policeman. "We'll just give him a place to sleep it off—he'll be all right."

"He works out at St. Felix Farm," said Haffert. "He's a—a well-liked old man. Call the Brothers in the morning and they'll come get him." Haffert walked a few steps with them.

"Sure, we'll give him a place to sleep," said the policeman, looking down at the old man.

"Jimmy's awful tired."

Haffert stopped and watched them go slowly up the steps, the tall patrolman patiently urging the old man. He saw them disappear into the station. A dismal depression overcame him and he thought of himself. What a failure, what a lousy failure.

**Despair carried far enough completes the circle and becomes burning fruitful hope.**

**Carlyle.**



## Cardinal Fights for Labor

(continued from p. 5)

Commissary regarded Cardinal Gibbons with a stare of incredulity, as much as to say, "I cannot believe my ears, but..." Yes, there was a *but*, and it took Cardinal Gibbons' breath—"but I will consider the question!"

Shortly after, and greatly to Cardinal Gibbons' amazement, cablegrams of congratulations came pouring in from America and England! Friends of labor and foes who had become friends because of his history-making letter to Cardinal Simeoni, loudly voiced their praise of his stand.

His letter? But how on earth had this happened? The letter was written and sent to Cardinal Simeoni, not to the world! The Holy Office had neither replied to, nor condoned it. There had been no further word from the Commissary; yet here was a mounting pile of mail and cablegrams saying, in effect, "Wonderful! You've done it!" His strong ally, Cardinal Manning, hoped it would "open a new field of thought and action." What had he done? There must be some terrible mistake.

There was no mistake. The world had read his letter; the world was in a marvelous upheaval over it. But the blame, if blame it was, lay not upon himself. It rested upon the nerve and daring of a Rome reporter for the New York

*Herald*. By hook or crook, he had managed to obtain a copy of the letter. He knew a great document when he saw one, knew its value as news. Quicker than a flash, Cardinal Gibbons' masterwork on labor was run off the presses of American and European newspapers, to become the talk of the world.

The letter suddenly assumed immense importance in the Holy Office. Pope Leo XIII studied it, summoned its author, heard his frank presentation of the case, and instantly came to his help. One word from the Pope, and an ancient rule was broken. The decree was revoked! The ban was lifted. And Leo XIII publicly expressed the papal good will for the Knights of Labor, not only permitting but urging Catholic labor to join the union saved by Cardinal Gibbons, which in time was to become the American Federation of Labor.

Because of his fearless perseverance, a dreadful mistake had been remedied and the labor movement throughout the world was to feel the benefits of its correction. The Church remained protector of the poor, and kept its hold on the affection and respect of Americans.

*From the book: Larger Than The Sky. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green, and Co.*



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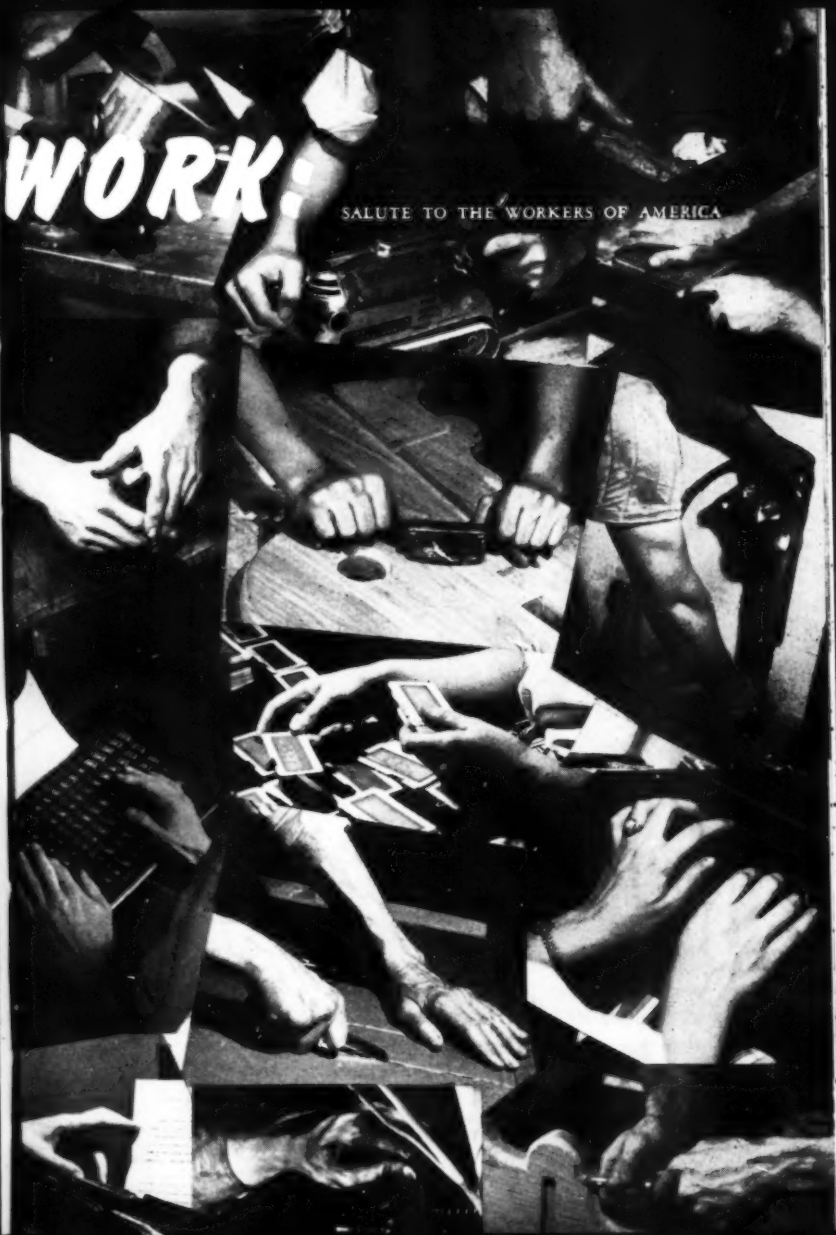
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# WORK

SALUTE TO THE WORKERS OF AMERICA





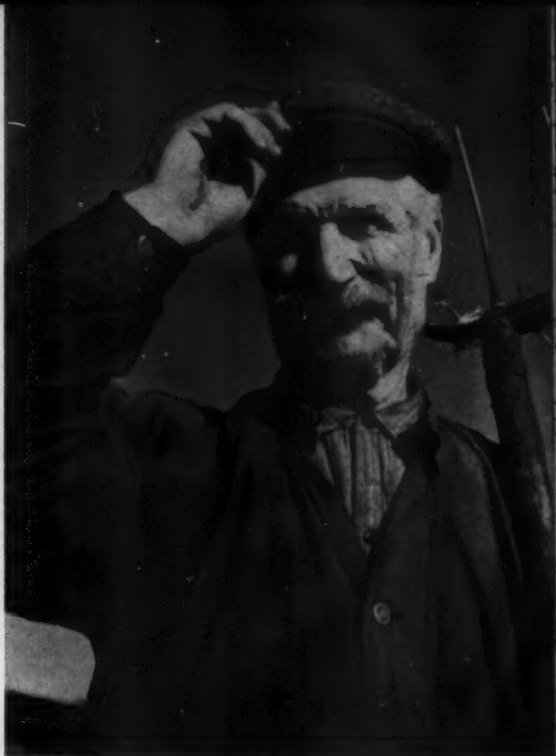
TRIANGLE PHOTO SERVICE

**Even the big wheel would be idle without the skilled mechanic.**

**T**HERE IS A DANGER that we regard lightly the things we have and see about us everyday. This is especially true of what we call—our work. Whether we work in a factory, on the farm, in an office, or in our own home, after a time we come to take the job, the chore, the housework as something to be done—done as quickly as possible with the least amount of effort.

Each year America takes time out on Labor Day to salute her workers. She sets aside this day as a time to remind them and herself of the special honor that is their due—these ordinary, simple people who have made America great in war and in peace. Speeches are made, parades are viewed on Main Street, clam bakes and picnics are held at City Park—all to honor that great guy—

by Geoffrey  
Gaughan, O.S.B.



F. P. G.

**The 7,600,000 Farmers of America are the backbone  
of the nation.**

the American Worker.

But in honoring the laboring man, perhaps we have forgotten that his greatest dignity is his resemblance to God—the Maker. Being made in God's image and likeness, man partakes of that great glory of God: "In the beginning God created heaven, and

earth." As a father's features and his manner of walking and talking come to life again in his son, man, a son of God, is a little god. Humanly speaking, it is as though God, looking at man, sees Himself mirrored there.

Thus God's great dignity, as the Apostles Creed states, "creator



EWING GALLOWAY

Work must be love to be fruitful. Just as love must be work to be fruitful.

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of heaven and earth," is shared in a limited way by mortal man. The ability to make, the ability to shape and to form wood and metals into homes and skyscrapers, the energy and skill to harness the power of steam, electricity and the wind, the knowledge and technology to pull aside the curtain of matter and peer into the magnitude of the heavens, into the mysteries of the microscopic world of the microbe and the atom, and above all, the power, with God's cooperation, to bring about another human life—all these powers are but a share in God's tremendous energy. In his power to work, his ability to make, man very especially resembles God.

This resemblance to God as a creator and maker of things is a great claim to glory. Viewed in this light, man's work is raised to the level of something sacred; it is placed on a level, in a limited way, with God's work of the six days of creation.

For this reason nothing could be more tragic, more out of harmony with God's plan for human happiness than to take one's work for granted, to pass one's days in a bored expectation of quitting time, and to consider the day's work as a curse. In the Christian view of life, man, in his capacity as maker, is most Godlike, and, like God, he makes for the goodness and joy of the job.

Dignity, if it is not to be as empty as a hollow drum beat, must bring with it a certain responsibility. Dignity of itself would be a pompous, useless thing, if it were not coupled with a proportionate responsibility.

In our time much has been said and written concerning: "Freedom from want." It has been stated that man has a right to be free from the merciless slavery of want and poverty, that he has a

**With a choke grip on his hammer, the smithy straightens out a shoe.**

**BLACK STAR**





HARRIS EWING

**That a man can be happy in his work is proved by this smiling riveter.**

right to the means of earning a decent living. This is a great and noble idea, but it is not enough. Freedom from want is not enough. There is something much deeper, essential to man's liberty and freedom. It is the freedom to pursue one's call in life; to do the thing in life one is called to do.

God has given as many callings to the human race as there are men. Each man has his own particular calling, but to all God has

given one common call. It is the vocation to work responsibly in his own vocation.

This vocation to responsibility in his work, to do responsibly what he is called to do is inherent in the dignity of human labor—in man the maker, the reflected image of God the creator. Man has a right to the freedom of working responsibly, of working as a man—as God made him, and not as the man who called himself “bolt 39”

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THREE LIONS

**More than 900,000 Americans are employed in the mining industry.**

because adjusting bolt 39 was what he did all day long.

To work responsibly, man must work with his mind as well as his hands; he must think and plan and conceive what he is making as he makes. It is one of the great tragedies of our day that this is not possible for all workers. To partake of God's dignity as a maker, the worker must not work as a machine, without reason, without interest, without love for

what he is making. The material must pass through his hands according to the plan conceived in his mind, fashioned with the love of his heart—then he can make as God makes, seeing, with God, that the work is good: "And God saw that it was good."

But to assume this responsibility, this burden endowed with the dignity of the maker, man must have a motive behind his work, a reason for doing it. The



MEINRAD KINDER, O.S.B.

**The artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist.**

Christian point of view is that man lives and works so that he may glorify God. Being the end as well as the beginning of man's life, God must be the reason, the motive behind his work.

For God has planned it so. He has set down a blueprint for man to follow. It is God's plan that man return to Him in the simplest and easiest way possible. God has not asked that men spend their time on their knees from morning



EWING GALLOWAY

**The white-collar girl has made for herself a permanent place in the American way of life.**

till night. He has placed their sanctification in the work of their daily lives in the vocation to which He has called them. He has called all men to be saints, but he has ordered that each one come to sanctity in the simplest way possible, by the means closest to hand—their ordinary daily work.

Work in God's eyes is not just a task to be done; it is a means—the means to *the* End. It is the one certain, unfailling means that

everyone can use. It is simply a matter of making God the end or reason behind one's work. As Father Vincent McNabb has said, "Our first duty to God is not to pray; it is to work. Work is not our highest duty, but it is our first."

On this Labor Day, we salute the workers of America. May the honor we pay them be grounded

in that dignity which they share—the dignity of God the Maker. May they assume with this dignity the responsibility that goes with it—the responsibility of working responsibly. And may they find in their work not a round of daily drudgery, but the means to their sanctification—that under God they may work, and in their work find God.



MEINRAD KINDER, O.S.B.

**The Monastic Craftsman consecrates his labor to the glory of God.**

"Nothing any man can create in music, art or literature, can compare with the baby I have borne to the glory of God," Kathleen thought, "I am

# PROUD

## *to be a Woman"*

*Anna-Margaret Record*

"**Y**OU'RE spoiling me rotten, darling, but I love it!" Kathleen Madison pushed a tasseled braid behind her shoulder, settled herself more comfortably against her piled up pillows and reached for the coffee cup on her breakfast tray. "Delish, Steve... 'mmm... In the hospital they had wonderful food and—once a day—terrible coffee!"

Stephen laughed, too, at the droll wrinkling of her tip-tilted nose.

"I finally decided how they made it. From burnt peanut shells and fermented sorghum. Steve—I can bathe in the tub today, remember? Chris is two weeks old and I can add that to my activity. It's on my note in Dr. Johnston's own handwriting," she added quickly, as Steve looked at her dubiously.

"I know, honey, but are you sure you feel up to it? You aren't getting your strength back as quickly as you did with Jeanette. And you didn't nurse her."

Kathleen ate a bite of scrambled egg with obvious enjoyment. "I'm a little tired," she admitted, lifting candid blue eyes to Steve's brown ones. "But I think that's because Jeanette and Sheila were sick all that week before Chris came, and I got so worn out. I'll be fine by the time Mother brings them home in another couple of weeks. I'm much better than I was with Sheila, remember?"

The anxiety in Steve's expression deepened to frank concern. "Kathleen, I've been thinking of that. An abscess can be serious. That one was. Baby formulas are so good these days that it seems

foolish. . . . Oh, you know what I mean! Are you sure Dr. Johnston approved of your decision to nurse Chris?"

Kathleen put down her fork. "Steve, I told you he didn't at first, but I insisted and he finally said I could try. You know I've been using this special cream for months. And it was lucky I did, because Dr. Meadows particularly wants me to nurse Chris if possible. He's perfectly sound but he's so little."

"And you're sure there's no danger of another abscess? How about the scar? Is it bothering you?"

"Oh, Steve, it's all right, honey. I'm keeping a close watch for any unusual soreness or lumping. And Chris is doing splendidly. Why, he's already a half-pound over his birth weight! Steve, can't you see why I want to do it? Nursing a baby is—is an act of faith: the mother's faith in God and the baby's in his mother. It *means* something, darling—to me, at least, and to Chris, too, I think."

Reluctantly Steve grinned at her. "All right, so I'm an old Calamity Jane. I'm sorry, Kitten. Can I interest you in today's bargain? Drink your milk and I'll let you have another cup of coffee."

"I'll take that." She wiped the milk from her lips with a Kleenex

and held out the coffee cup. "Honestly, Steve, I eat like a blacksmith. By the time I can go anywhere, I bet I'm so fat I waddle."

Steve eyed her with critical approval, liking the freshness of the blue-and-white polka dot housecoat, the tender curve of her breast, even the round collar, young and demure and precisely suited to Kathleen's gold-brown pigtailed, larkspur eyes and petal-pink cheeks. The faint freckles left from summer made a drift of nutmeg, curiously piquant and endearing, across her nose and cheekbones.

"You're not fat, Kitten. Don't be silly. You're—well, right now you look exactly like an innocent little girl, aged twelve."

"Little girl, indeed! I will have you know, sir, that I am a worldly-wise matron of twenty-nine, respectably possessed of three children and one husband."

Kathleen lay back lazily, her glance dwelling tenderly on the wicker clothesbasket set solidly on her vanity bench and now covered with a soft, lemon-colored shawl. From her pillow, Kathleen could see the dark fuzz of Chris' round little head, and one upflung rosy hand beside his cheek. She was filled suddenly with exultant pride in this supreme achievement of her flesh. Her body deserved to be weary, she thought, to rest after the triumph of birth. . . . And

then humility swept in to supersede the wave of pride. Birth was a privilege God granted, not only to a baby but to the parents of a baby. And helping with the creation of a new human being was not only an achievement and a privilege, but an awing responsibility.

"I fixed your tub, Kitten." Steve came in from the bathroom. "I'll help you to make sure you don't slip."

"I won't slip," said Kathleen confidently."

But she was glad, nevertheless, of his steadying hand as the steam drifted up from the big tub, leaving a white cloud on the mirror and a paneful of tears on the frosted window. For a moment she fought wooziness, then eased herself into the hot water with a feeling of exhilaration. The tub was so long she could lie down it, her head propped against the curved end, and revel in the pleasant warmth. The broken image of her legs through the water intrigued her. She held one up and watched the water drain off its ivory slenderness. She had forgotten to pin up her braids and they clung wetly to her shoulders. Finding a couple of bobby pins in her hair, Kathleen inexpertly fastened the damp plaits across the top of her head. Languidly she made a froth of suds, like a child playing with soap bubbles, and rubbed

them into her knees and elbows.

Kathleen had never been excessively conscious of her physical contours, though she had known moments of satisfaction in the way a dress fit; and the look of admiration in a man's eyes as she walked trimly down the street invariably pleased her. This feeling was different. Her awareness now was of her body's dignity. She respected it, not for its beauty and symmetry, but for the fulfillment of its purpose: like the tree, she thought, that bears fruit in its season. . . . Slowly but surely her ideas crystallized: I am proud of being a woman. Nothing any man can create in the way of music or art or literature can compare with the baby I have borne to the glory of God, and to whom God has given an imperishable soul. . . . But the baby, of course, was not her accomplishment alone. Her lips curved a little, tenderly, as she thought of Stephen, and like stars the words fashioned themselves in her mind: Thank you, darling. Thank you for giving me another child. . . .

Absorbed in her musings, Kathleen had not realized the weakening combination of heat and steam. The bathroom seemed to waver around her in a blurred mist. She clutched the edge of the tub for support.

"Steve—help me, please! Steve!"

Her voice seemed scarcely a

whisper, but Stephen was beside her, lifting her out of the water. "Darling, are you all right? Kathleen!"

"I'm—all right—" She spoke disjointedly. Then her head cleared. "Of course, I'm all right, dear. It's so hot in here. I was being philosophical," she added ruefully, with a flicker of amusement at her own expense, "and my profound wisdom went to my head."

"It is hot. I shouldn't have left you. Come on, honey—back to bed." Steve was patting her quickly with the big gold towel. "Here's your robe. Slip it on and I'll carry you."

"Oh, Steve, that's silly!"

"It isn't silly. Here we go."

Drained of energy, Kathleen lay limply on her bed like a big rag doll. "When I get rested," she told Steve, "I'll feel wonderful. All those hospital bed baths—! A bushel of them doesn't add up to one good soak in the tub!"

In the basket the baby stirred and whimpered. Kathleen glanced at the clock. It's time to feed him," she said. "He's hungry, too—hear him smack his little fists!"

Steve lifted the baby from the pillow, nuzzled his chin against the fuzzy head and laughed softly at the contortions of the little peony-bud mouth. "All right, old man! Mama's invited you to lunch. Here you are, darling.

Here's your guest of honor."

Kathleen touched her lips to the velvety little ear. "You adorable thing," she whispered. "You Christopher, you..."

She knew his eyes didn't yet focus properly, but they opened wide and stared at her with the murky intentness of infancy. Kathleen drew her son to her breast. Then she smiled, her gaze infinitely tender as the baby gulped contentedly, his downy little 'jaws moving as he sucked.

Precious, life-giving stuff, she thought. . . . And then, How sentimental I'm becoming! But it's true. He's lost the wizened gnome look he had when he was born. His cheeks are already rounding out, and the wrinkles are gone. He's beautiful, my son, beautiful, beautiful. . . .

Her glance lifted, momentarily, and paused, with a queer sense of shock, on a calendar beside the door. She had never before paid much attention to the voluptuous, long-legged bathing beauty who adorned it. Now the scanty attire, the shortest of shorts, the strapless halter revealing sensuous curves, repelled her. Nursing her child, Kathleen knew dignity and the deep, unerring sense of modesty. But that calendar, that baring of the body—brazenly flaunting femininity for its own sake—was degrading and insulting. Quite suddenly she could not endure the

nakedness of the calendar pin-up.

"Steve," she said abruptly, "take down that calendar! Please!"

Startled, Stephen jumped and stared at her. "What did you say, Kitten? Take down the calendar? Now? Why?"

"I don't want to see it any more. I don't like the picture on it."

In astonished perplexity, Steve looked at the picture and then at Kathleen. Half regretting her outburst as a bit of emotional silliness, Kathleen expected him to laugh, perhaps to say, "I do!" with a whimsical tilting of one eyebrow. But Steve didn't. He regarded it searchingly, his lips pursed and his brows contracted. Once he turned toward Kathleen and Chris, across the room; then gravely, he rolled up the calendar and thrust it into the waste basket.

"I'm sorry," Kathleen apologized. "Calendars and blotters are almost all like that these days and I never minded before. I never

even noticed. But—but I didn't want her leering at Chris while I'm feeding him!"

There was a quirk to the corners of Steve's mouth but understanding in his eyes. "I know, darling. You're quite right. It isn't just the picture but what it represents. I'll be back in a minute, Hon."

When he stepped back into the room he was carrying a small picture and a hammer and nails. "This is more appropriate," he said, centering the polished, dark frame on the wall opposite the bed. "There! How's that? Let her look at Chris! And may Chris always look at her, with reverence and devotion!"

From the wall, the gentle Madonna of the Chair gazed down in benediction upon a modern mother feeding her child. Kathleen smiled tremulously. "Thank you, Steve," she said softly, touching the baby's silky head with a tender finger. "It's perfect."

The unusual candor in the preceding story may embarrass the unprepared reader. But we feel that the beauty of married love is so honestly and tenderly pictured here that no one old enough to read should be scandalized. Whatever is set forth here may clash with the sentiments of prudery but not with the principles of Christian modesty. The mystery of womanly beauty, as the writer implies, derives its greatness not from a sterile exposure of feminine nudity before the idly curious, but from a woman's greatest glory—the fruitfulness of motherhood.

*The Editors*



# A CHAINED WORKER

*Liam Brophy*

HE HAD NOTHING to lose but his chains, for, when he dropped dead in a Dublin lane on the way to Mass, he was utterly poor and unknown. The male nurse who undressed his body shortly after in Jervis Street Hospital signed the following statement: "On Sunday, 7 June, 1925, a dead body was brought in the Corporation Ambulance to Jervis Street Hospital. On the body being identified, it proved to be Mr. Matt Talbot, and when we, the undersigned, undressed the remains we found chains, ropes and beads on the said body. Around the middle of his waist were two chains and a knotted rope. One chain we took to be an ordinary chain used as a horse trace, and the other a little thinner. Both were entwined by a knotted rope, and medals were attached to the chain by cords. Both were deeply embedded in the flesh and rusted. Also on the left arm was found a light chain tightly wound above the elbow, and on the right arm above the elbow a knotted cord. On his left leg a chain was bound round with a cord below the knee, and on the right leg, in the same position, was some heavy, knotted cord."



Priests assure us that saints are almost a commonplace in rural Ireland where many a life of heroic sanctity closes in the obscurity of a cabin or Poor House. But it seems to be part of God's plan that this member of the town proletariat should become known throughout the whole world to prove to our generation the fact that God still exalts the humble, and that religion, far from being the dope of the poor is an energizing power, and that instead of dimming the sight of the mind's eye it gives even the unlettered a most clear-visioned perspective of the world and the events of time. Matt Talbot practised penances that would have broken the body and spirit of the toughest commando, and lived through the most exciting period of his country's history and the tumult of World War I with the calm imperturbability of a man whose converse is with God.

One of the most extraordinary things about Matt Talbot's exterior life was its ordinariness. He never went places, and nothing ever happened to him. Outwardly his life was drab and passionless. He was born at 13 Aldborough Court on May 2nd, 1856. He became a bricklayer's laborer at the age of seventeen. At thirty-six he transferred to work in a timber yard at the Dublin docks, and worked there until his death at

the age of sixty-nine. He never left his native Dublin, and was familiar with only a small part of the capital. He never married and wrote only one letter in his life. He was so indifferent to worldly affairs that he never read a newspaper. He lived through the Irish Labor Troubles of 1911, World War I, the terrors of the Black and Tan war, the Civil War and all the fevers of nationalist rebellions and labor unrests as calmly and unaffected as if all the world were at placid peace. His companions could never draw him into argument, and argument is dear to the heart of every Irishman. Then, with that inborn tact and reverence for spiritual worth so characteristic of the Irish working class, his mates left him to his own way of life and respected him for his constancy in it.

So quietly did Matt go through the streets of Dublin, with his head down, so inconspicuously did he drift through the days of tumult and terror that he seems to have been more a phantom than a living man, and yet he was most intensely alive. And here a comparison is almost forced upon us when we contrast him with those other phantoms referred to by the present Pope when he said: "There are phantom men never tired of going to movies and sporting fields, night and day full of futile notions, provocative illustra-

tions, light music—internally too empty to be interested or occupied in themselves. One can only say they live in the world, but outside it, adrift in the world's current like inert cadavers." Matt Talbot was a phantom of a very different sort, one in whom frivolity had no part, one who had emptied himself internally till he was fully occupied with the Crucified Christ. He lived indeed outside this world, and prayed for it without ceasing.

The internal life of this Dublin laborer was intensely heroic and holy. It began like this. For fifteen years Matt had been an inveterate drunkard. He began to drink at the age of thirteen when he was a messenger boy at a bonded stores. Two days after payday his wages would be all spent on drink and he would pawn his clothes to get more. He gave nothing to his parents at this stage of his life. Beyond going to Mass on Sunday and blessing himself in the morning, he never attended his religious duties, nor received the Sacraments. Then Matt switched his energies.

One day in 1884 Matt said to his mother: "I'm going to take the pledge." The good woman was not altogether convinced, but she made the soft reply: "Go in God's name; but don't take it unless you mean to keep it." She prayed that God would give him strength to keep it, and God, Who has always

answered the Monicas of the world with more than their anguished prayers implore, did give Matt the strength to keep the pledge and to scale and hold the heights of heroic sanctity as well. To keep the pledge, Matt reasoned, he would have to avoid the occasions of temptation and stay off the streets. Outside working hours he spent his time in churches praying for strength. He heard 5 o'clock Mass at the Jesuit Church near his home. Later, the time of Mass was changed to 6:15, and, as Matt's job in the brickyard began at 6 o'clock, he changed to a job at the docks, which did not begin till 8 o'clock, and thereby afforded him time to hear Mass every morning. He held this last job for thirty-two years and was never known to be late. Here is how he passed his days — and nights.

At about 11 p.m. Matt went to "bed," "bed" being made up of two rough unplanned planks of timber laid on a small bedstead. A block of wood formed the pillow and for covering he used half a blanket with a sack added if the night were severely cold. He slept with the chains and ropes still bound to him. At 2 o'clock every morning he arose to pray, kneeling upright on the floor or bed, with his arms outstretched in the manner of the early Christians. Occasionally he flung himself on the floor and prayed aloud, so that his

mother, who slept in the same tenement room could see him by the light of the little Sacred Heart lamp. If he finished his prayers before 4 a.m., he lay on his bed again till that hour struck, when he arose again, dressed and prayed until about 5 o'clock. Then he went off to hear Mass and knelt on the steps of the church till the doors opened. He slit the knees of his trousers in such a manner as to be able to pray with bare knees unobtrusively. The interval between the opening of the church doors and the beginning of first Mass was spent making the Stations of the Cross. He received Holy Communion every morning and knelt upright through one or more Masses. Then he went home, and made breakfast on cold cocoa and dry bread. On the way to

work he visited another church to salute Our Lord, as he explained. At 12:30 he made a lunch on tea and dry bread. At a later period he mixed cocoa with the tea to make the beverage less pleasing to the palate. When work was slack he prayed behind the piles of timber in his yard. On his way home from work he paid an evening visit to a church. His simple dinner he ate on his knees, and passed the rest of the day attending the various Sodalities to which he belonged, or in spiritual reading and prayer at his lodgings. Sundays were spent hearing the series of Masses from the earliest to the latest, and in prayer and meditation in the same humble lodging.

Matt Talbot's fasts were in keeping with the austere tone of his life. Those who knew him say



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he never ate meat on Wednesdays, Fridays or Saturdays. He observed a black fast in Lent and during June in honor of the Sacred Heart. On every Friday, Saturday and the vigil of a Feast he also observed the full black fast. "When he was getting old," says one witness, "he found a difficulty in swallowing dry bread and, to enable him to eat it without butter, he got his sister to boil a whiting and steep the bread in the water in which the whiting had been cooked. He did not eat the whiting." Considering his meager wages, Matt gave amazing sums away in charity. When he was earning 3 dollars a week, he gave 2 away, and, when he was earning 9 dollars a week, he kept himself on little over a dollar a week and gave the rest anonymously to various charities. He gave 80 dollars a year to the Maynooth Mission to China, and the only letter he ever wrote was with his last donation to the Mission, explaining that as he had done no work for a year and a half he could only offer £1 from himself and ten shillings in his sister's name. This was in fact the very last of his savings, given during his fatal illness six months before his death. Who knows what far-off regions were brought to the knowledge of Christ through the heroic sacrifices of this obscure worker who never left the slums of his own home-town. So does

Charity radiate through space and time from the intense core of every great heart.

Matt Talbot's holiness was characteristically Irish. His asceticism, his purity and the energies that stemmed from that purity mark him as an Irishman in direct line with St. Columbanus and his monks whose feats of endurance and penitence leave us gasping. The old Irish monastic Rules were so austere that they had to be drastically mitigated before aspirants on the Continent of Europe could undertake to live by them. "Ireland," said Chesterton in a penetrating phrase in his book on Shaw, "has in it a quality which caused it (in the most ascetic age of Christianity) to be called the 'Land of Saints'; and which still might give it a claim to be called the 'Land of Virgins.' An Irish Catholic priest once said to me, 'There is in our people a fear of the passions which is older even than Christianity.'"

Critics often accuse the Irish of being Manicheans in their spiritual outlook. Certain it is that all the Irish saints have beaten their bodies into utter subjection of the spirit, and those bodies, instead of breaking, have carried immense burdens for their owners, like those granite blocks St. Columbanus carried up the mountains upon which he built his monasteries. While men like Matt Talbot

are born amongst us, we are assured that the holiness and heroism of those ancient Irish spiritual empire-builders lives in full vigor to adapt itself to the needs of our day.

We do not know if Matt Talbot will ever be canonized, but humanly speaking it seems most appropriate that God should raise up a saint from among the town proletariat to combat the heresy of our age which addresses itself so specifically to the town proletariat. So God raised up saints like Bene-

dict, Francis, Ignatius and Dominic to give leadership amid moral confusions and combat the evils of their day in the manner best understood by their contemporaries. While the Communists are shrieking at the workers of the world to unite, since they have nothing to lose but their chains of class subjection, the very real chains of Matt Talbot with which he voluntarily bound himself will become a symbol to all workers of that infinite freedom of spirit that goes with Christ's sweet yoke.

Following are some of the written replies received by one of the Fathers during a catechism quiz at Nassau Boys' School. Spelling, diction, punctuation, and even some of the ideas are quite original.

1. Question: Name the Persons of the Holy Trinity.

Answer: Foddah sun and Holy Jos.

2. Are all prayers answered?

Yes, all praers answer, but some praers don' answer because people does teef and steal while dey does prey.

3. Who made the day and night?

When God say let there be lite it done be day and when God say out the lite it done be nite.

4. What does it mean to abstain?

Not to eat fresh meat.

5. What does it mean to fast?

To fast mean only one full meal could eat a day.

6. May we eat the flesh of warm-blooded animals on Friday?

No. We mussin' eat worm meat on Friday.

*The Bahama News*

# ABBAY NEWSMONTH

*Christopher Jeffords, O.S.B.*

## The Future Blue Cloud Abbey



**J**ULY AT THE ABBEY is usually hot and also very quiet. This year is no exception. The Evansville weatherman reports a tropical air wave hovering over southern Indiana. Thus it can be safely said that the climate is somewhat torrid at present. Perhaps the extreme heat had something to do with the

quietude enjoyed at the Abbey during the past month. However the main reason is the absence of the student body.

Many of the Fathers have parochial assignments for the summer. Others are kept busy preaching Retreats and attending summer school sessions. Most of the monks on the



GRAIL staff are presently engaged in these endeavors. Our editor, **Father Walter**, is giving three retreats out in Colorado, while **Father Raban** and **Father Eric** are attending summer school at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa. **Father Patrick** is doing parish work in Wyoming. The regular scribe for the *Abbey Newsmoon*, **Father Clement**, is assisting at a parish in Indianapolis, which explains the reason for your substitute chronicler.

Still, despite the heat and depleted ranks, the monastic routine flows on peacefully. The tower bells still ring out at 3:45 a.m., summoning the monks to another day of singing God's praises. At 7:30 a.m. the community still gathers before the High Altar to offer the Conventual High Mass.

As the spiritual life of the Abbey still thrives, so too the physical life. Maintenance and construction work still goes on. The young Fathers and clerics welcome the frequent opportunities to get out in the fresh air and sunshine by helping **Father Dominic** out on the farm or over on the "ranch" where **Brother Damian** takes care of forty head of beef cattle. More frequently they are seen down in **Father Fintan's** garden where there is always work to be done. The saws still buzz over at **Father Bertrand's** lumber mill, the printing presses still roll under the skillful hands of **Brother Benedict**, **Brother Blaise** and others, while **Brother Benno**, **Brother Herman** and **Brother Raymond** still prepare meals thrice daily. As a

rule, the unselfish labors of all these mentioned, and of many others, goes unheralded this side of Paradise. Yet we all know that without their generosity the monastic schedule would not run as smoothly as it does.

Another busy monk at this time of year is the Guestmaster, **Father Frederick**. Visitors come from many states to view the labors of past generations of monks who built our beautiful monastic home. Many come to hear the singing of the Divine Office rendered by the community. Vespers are sung on weekdays at 5:00 p.m. C.S.T. and at 4:00 p.m. C.S.T. on Sundays. The closing prayer of the day, *Compline*, is chanted daily at 7:30 p.m. C.S.T.

Eighteen members of our monastic family are busily engaged in erecting a new center for the singing of the Praises of God in South Dakota. At present the community there consists of **Father Prior Gilbert**, **Fathers Ildephonse**, **Brendan Julius**, **Austin**, **Odo** and **Odilo**, **Brothers Alexius**, **Gerard**, **Wolfgang**, **Felix**, **Vincent**, **Stephen**, **Bernard** and **Jerome**. Also three aspirants to the Brotherhood: **Oblates Siegfried**, **Jude**, and **Stanislaus**.

All these monks, with the exception of the two cooks, **Brother Gerard** and **Brother Wolfgang**, are actively employed in the construction of the new *Blue Cloud Abbey*. Several of the Brothers are not permanent members of the new foundation, but are lending their talents and time to its completion. Present living quarters are in a



remodeled barn, while a converted chicken coop has been transformed into a simple but suitable chapel.

In addition to the construction of the monastery, much work is being done to improve the farmland. Some ten thousand trees will be planted, a garden has been started, and a windbreak has to be constructed to stop the severe winds that lash frequently across the Dakota plains. Much will depend on whether suitable living quarters can be erected before the winter sets in. Father Austin expects to assist Fathers Augustine, Louis, Casimir and Alan at Stephan where he will teach in the mission school during the winter. Possibly some of the other Fathers will undertake similar tasks at the other missions.

The immediate purpose for the establishment of Blue Cloud Abbey is to bring the blessings of the public recitation of the Divine Office and of the liturgical life to the mission fields. It is thereby hoped that a greater and a deeper understanding of the Church and her work among the Indians will develop in that territory. The new foundation will staff and co-ordinate the work of the four missions. Opportunity will also be offered to native Indian youths to study for the priesthood and the religious life.

On June 29 one of our number pledged final allegiance to the flag of the United States and became an American citizen. Belgian-born Brother Donald found time from his brood at the poultry house to

journey to Indianapolis for the event.

On July 10 eight new faces appeared in the choir stalls for the first vespers of the Solemnity of Our Holy Father Saint Benedict. These young men had come to the monastery to seek God according to the Rule of the Holy Patriarch of Monks. On the patronal feast of Father Abbot Ignatius, July 31, they received the Benedictine habit and entered upon their year of novitiate. The new novices are: Thomas Leonard, Indianapolis, Ind.; Nell Voigt, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Joseph Cody, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Francis Boborek, Staten Island, N. Y.; Herman Zimmerman, New Albany, Ind.; Clifford Sanderson, Hudson, Ohio; Robert Snow, Crothersville, Ind.; and Joseph Kavanagh, Ramona, Calif. The latter is the first clerical novice for the South Dakota foundation, Blue Cloud Abbey.

The feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, patroness of our Abbey Church, was celebrated as usual with a Pontifical High Mass on July 16.

Father Peter is back in our midst again after a long and painful siege in the hospital. Once again Father can be found at one of his main duties, either supervising the finishing touches on St. Bede's Hall or out at the sandstone quarry.

July 20 brought the return of the young Oblates after their three weeks' vacation. These young boys attend St. Placid Hall which is located on the Abbey grounds and

is the only preparatory school for Benedictine Brothers in this country. Shortly before **Father Austin** went to Blue Cloud, **Father Virgil** was appointed to replace him as assistant to the Director, **Father Richard**.

Letters from Rome inform us that our brethren in the Holy City are seeing some of Europe during the summer. **Father Guy** journeyed to Venice and then to Austria. **Brother Marion** also visited Venice and spent eighteen days at Praglia, a monastery near there. A visit to Assisi, the home of the great founder of the Franciscans, was enjoyed by **Brother Boniface**. Both **Brother Andrew** and **Brother Anthony** went to southern Italy. **Brother Andrew** visited Amalfi, where the body of his holy patron is kept and honored. **Brother Anthony** was a guest at the famed pilgrimage center of Montevergine. From this monastery one can easily see Vesuvius, Salerno and Naples, while on a clear day the Adriatic Sea can be seen on the other side of the peninsula.

Both **Father William** and **Father Polycarp** visited our Mother Abbey, Our Lady of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland. After spending two years as Instructor and Spiritual Director of the clerics at the International Benedictine College in Rome, **Father William** will return to the Abbey to take up new duties. In addition to the above mentioned responsibility, he was frequently chaplain in Veroli at the convent home of Sister Fortunata, whose cause for beatification is rapidly

progressing. Before his assignment to Rome, **Father William** held the office of Prior at the Abbey.

**Father Julius** arrived on the evening of July 23rd from Blue Cloud to get a load of lumber from our saw mill. Two days later **Brother Meinrad** returned from his second trip of the month to Blue Cloud. **Father Prior Gilbert** came along with him to confer with our engineer, **Brother Conrad**, about some heating problems. After a day's rest, **Father Prior** and **Brother Meinrad** set out for Blue Cloud again with another load of sandstone from our quarry. **Brother Meinrad** is the Abbey photographer and is usually found in his photo shop. However, during the past month, he was usually behind the wheel of a truck. Earlier in the month he made a trip to Tennessee to bring back the marble purchased for the statues of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, that are being sculptured here at the Abbey by Mr. Herbert Jogerst.

One of the faithful Abbey workers, Mr. Edward Ringeman, recently had to submit to an operation involving the amputation of one leg. **Father Linus** has temporarily taken over his duties as truck dispatcher and business agent for St. Meinrad Sandstone.

Our senior Father, **Father Vincent**, is in a weakened condition and was anointed by **Father Prior Placidus** on July 29. We hope that the prayers of the community will help bring him through this crisis.



A novice making his profession before the abbot and community.

August 1 will long be remembered by six young monks as the day they completed their novitiate and made their Triennial Vows. During the impressive profession ceremony they received their religious names. The newly professed are: **Frater Hugh, O.S.B.**, Norman Dewig, Evansville, Ind.; **Frater Terence, O.S.B.**, John Gerken, Portsmouth, Ohio; **Frater Alcuin, O.S.B.**, William Leibold, Dayton, Ohio; **Frater Barnabas, O.S.B.**, Peter Harrington, Arcola, Ill.; **Frater Cyprian, O.S.B.**, Clarence Davis Washington, D.C.;

**Frater Kieran, O.S.B.**, George Conley, West De Pere, Wisc.

**Father Fabian** is leaving soon for the Bahama Islands where he will do research work on his thesis for a doctor's degree in Biology. At the present time he is in attendance at Catholic University.

The events of the month have now been told. Shortly the house bell will ring for the Office of None so I must hasten to obey the precept of our Holy Father Benedict, "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

*Mary Emma Mellen*

## DEVEILED EGGS, DIAPERS, AND HOT DOGS

**The only essential ingredients for a successful family picnic  
are a family and plenty of food.**

**I**T WAS SUNDAY MORNING a year ago. Breakfast was over and the family were scattered about in the usual Sunday morning manner. The Head of the House was deep in the sports page, completely unconscious of the five small children who were reading and trading funny papers all over the living room floor and complaining because Three- and Five-Year-Old couldn't "read" faster.

And where was Mother? Back in the kitchen as usual, struggling with the preparations for that Old American Tradition known as the Sunday Dinner. Chicken was fried, a pie was baked and four hours and forty dishes later a masterpiece was set in front of a family who wilted around the table and murmured, "It's almost too hot to eat."

Not any more. September Sundays are picnic days—days to enjoy simple foods among the complex beauties of nature. Following the large and late after-church breakfast, everyone helps with beds and dishes and baby-tending. There's no school, there's no work, and it's Sunday. It's the time to eat together, play games and laugh together, and to enjoy the pleasures of having a family.

The only essential ingredients for a successful family picnic are a family and food. A pleasant picnic site helps, and unusual delicacies are always welcome, but parents with an imagination and a sense of humor are the greatest asset of all. Grown-ups are inclined to measure the delights of an outing by the amount of money spent or the hours of preparation involved. Children remember the



squirrel that crept up to snatch a crust of bread; the setting sun that resembled a lost balloon floating away; and the stories Mother told while the last embers of the campfire smouldered into darkness.

Every time we take a walk to a near-by park, we realize how much small things can mean to children. A visiting uncle with the rare gift of understanding children once volunteered to guide the two older children to this park. For amusement the children picked up small branches and twigs. Uncle Chuck arranged them into a pretended camp-fire, christened the children with Indian names, and taught Princess Red Feather and Chief Sitting Bull to sing Indian songs. No one noticed the lack of fire and food as the Big Guide chanted strange words and the "Indians" solemnly answered "Oompah, oompah" in chorus. Two years later that portion of the

park is still regarded as an Indian camping-ground and John and Ann become Princess Red Feather and Chief Sitting Bull when they enter that magic spot. As far as children are concerned, fancy food and faraway parks are not as important as parents who can find beauty and pleasure in God's wonderful world of nature.

Our first backyard picnic was planned by the children. Seeing some hot dogs in the refrigerator, they begged to roast them outdoors. We began lining up the arguments for the opposition and started with, "But we don't have a fireplace." All was quiet for a few moments—a sure sign that small brains were working overtime and stewing up some trouble. In dashed the oldest with a breathless, "Come look at the fireplace." They had piled bricks in a square to form a boundary for scraps of kindling wood and bits of crumpled newspaper. The children's

play chairs and the large metal lawn chairs were grouped around the improvised fireplace and the children began pleading, "All we need is matches and some food." They won.

We ate outdoors and since then we've had successful picnics in the backyard without benefit of fireplace, portable grills or a fancy table. Branches of green wood serve as long-handled forks for hot dogs, cheese squares wrapped in partially cooked bacon, or marshmallows. A card table holds the jug of milk, salad vegetables, fruit and cookies that complete the menu. The paper dishes are "washed" by tossing them into the fire, and back we settle for some games and singing.

"Twenty Questions" is one game that even the younger ones enjoy. "I'm thinking of someone, and you have twenty questions to guess who it is," quotes the three-year-old. "Is it a man? Does he live in this town? Does he have any children?" We watch her eyes dance with excitement as we finally guess Mother or Daddy or the lady next door. It's John's turn, and when all the "yes" and "no" questions have added up to twenty and we still haven't guessed, he yells out triumphantly, "It's me!"

When the games lose their appeal, it's time for singing and Daddy is supposed to struggle with a rusty memory for the scout

songs that he sang—it *couldn't* be twenty — years ago. There's "Johnny Verbeck," and the one about the Wabash, and always a round such as "Row, Row, Row the Boat," with the older children taking different parts and the baby holding her ears.

For a special treat there's nothing like the swimming hole or the pleasure park with the merry-go-round. These are reserved for special occasions such as Father's Day or a birthday, but washable clothing and simple foods are still the order of the day. Picnics are for pleasure and not for "Be careful, that's your good dress!" or "Why don't you eat that delicious casserole?" Milk and sandwiches, fruit and cookies are the standbys, and if the Head of the House is still hungry, he deserves some bacon and eggs before he goes to bed.

Driving home from the picnic provides a pleasant background for the family rosary. Only the Lord knows if there is any spiritual value in the responses of five weary children, but, from the parental standpoint, we know it also helps to keep the back seat quiet. And little Peggy's guardian angel must have enjoyed a quiet heavenly chuckle one day when he heard her say to her brother, "Come on, Joe, let's play picnic. I'll get the diapers and you get the rosaries."



RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH

### THREE MEN IN A TUB

One of these three "men" is a little girl, and they are all adrift far from land on a make-believe ocean. The fact that the water is inside their ship instead of under it makes no difference . . . in fact it seems to add to the comfort of their voyage.

Conrad Louis, O.S.B.

## THE SUNDAY MASS

### *The Final Cycle*

**B**EGINNING with the Mass for the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost, Mother Church turns our attention to the end of the liturgical year and of our lives. After training us in her school of perfection, she feels it is time to check our spiritual health and well-being for the effect and result of her program.

In these Sundays we are no longer meeting Our Lord so much as Teacher but rather as the Physician and Judge of our souls. Death is frequently brought to our notice. Outside, even nature fails and flutters to the ground.

If we have learned well and practiced faithfully Christ's program of Charity, we are assured of health, vigor, and peace in our Christian life and in its fulfillment in eternity. Even if up to now we have not really learned our lessons, with such a Teacher and Doctor of the spiritual life as Our Lord, there is yet time if we only turn to Him at last with faith and love.

### *Eighteenth Sunday*

We have hoped and trusted in Christ's teaching through the year and now we pray that our hearts and lives may be found to His liking

in the final examination (*Collect*). In spite of our sickness and ill health, we indulge the hope of final health and peace (*Collect and Gospel*). St. Paul would have us so hearty in Christ's strength that we would lack no grace when the day of our death and His great coming arrives (*Epistle*).

In the Gospel we have a preview of our meeting with Christ on the last day. Our meeting Him in this Mass is a reminder of, and preparation for, that later meeting, and we see what a miracle can be worked by our contact with Him in Holy Communion and Holy Viaticum. We will be the paralytic lying on the simple little pallet. If Jesus sees our faith and charity, He will say to us, too: "Take courage, child." How could we dread such a meeting with such a kindly greeting? Why should we fear? Our only enemy is sin, and Jesus assures us He can cope with it if we are disposed. To prove that He has the power to work interior and spiritual cures, He works an exterior and physical cure that only God could do. And if He is God, what is there that He cannot do? Surely He can forgive sins. So He says to the paralyzed man: "A-



rise, take up thy pallet and go to thy house." And the Evangelists tell us that he did just that (Matthew was there!). We are encouraged and thrilled at the thought of coming to such a Doctor in our last illness.

### *Nineteenth Sunday*

In our sickness of spirit and soul, Our Lord is Our Doctor and Savior. He says in the Introit: "I am the salvation (health) of the people. In whatever tribulation they shall cry to Me I will hear them." We take Him at His word and beg Him to guard us from evils of body and soul (*Collect*). St. Paul even hopes for a complete renewal, a complete putting away of the germs that war against the health of the spirit: lying, anger, stealing, and all kinds of sins against our neighbors (*Epistle*).

Everyone has an invitation to the banquet of rejuvenation and refreshment. It is the invitation to Sunday Mass and Communion. We have made our appointment with the Lord. Why not keep it? In the Gospel the men find all sorts of excuses; they neglect the opportunity for help, pass over it lightly, or even become sullen, rebellious and vicious at the reminder. We know the time and circumstances for gaining God's good favor. If we become careless, we will suffer the fate of the men of the Gospel. Even our half-hearted interest may catch up with us, as did the lack of effort displayed by the guest with no wedding garment. It is implied that he had one. Often the Oriental prince furnished elaborate apparel for such occasions.

That careless fellow was ejected from the hall!

We have free and ready access to the Lord and Physician of our souls. If we are disposed to go to Him, we can confidently walk in the midst of trials and dangers. He will reach out His hand to save us (*Offertory*). All that is needed is our cooperation (*Secret*) and good will to live according to His directions and requirements, His law of love and sacrifice (*Communion*). The Eucharist is a summary of all of His teaching and charity; and so, when we receive It, we should be cured of all sickness and confirmed in our cure by the faith and love to keep all His commandments (*Postcommunion*).

### *Twentieth Sunday*

If we are in difficulties, our plight is of our own making. The Church puts the right words in our mouths when she has us say in the Introit that all our troubles have come upon us "because we have sinned against Thee, O Lord, and we have not obeyed Thy commandments." We hope to be able to appease God by our humility and sorrow (*Collect*) and by our efforts to make the most of the time and opportunities we have left. Certainly there is no time left for drunkenness and debauchery (*Epistle*). We must be intent on turning to Christ and doing all in His name, serving one another in deference (fear) to Him. He is our only hope (*Gradual*), and once we turn to Him we are safe. This is the point of the Gospel.

The Church might be considered the royal official coming to Our Lord

today to beg for our safety. Our time to be at death's door will come, and some one will be running for a priest as the official hurried for Christ. We anticipate that crisis in these days. Jesus simply says to the man: "Go thy way, thy son lives." The force of these words is pointed out to us in the Gospel when the servants come to meet their master and tell him that the boy is living. He lives by the power of Our Lord, for "The father knew then that it was at that very hour in which Jesus had said to him, 'Thy son lives.'"

Jesus is our only hope, too. We want to let Mass and Holy Communion be a heavenly medicine to cure our vices and regulate our hearts to the tempo of His charity (*Secret*). His help is our comfort (*Communion*), and we reflect this help by showing our regained strength in following His will and way of life (*Postcommunion*).

#### *Twenty-first Sunday*

More confident now in our salvation and security in Christ Jesus, we are encouraged to continue through to victory the fight begun anew at Paschaltide. We pray for the grace of religious perseverance (*Collect*); put on the full armor of God to resist the devil to the last moment (*Epistle*). We know that the fight will not be against mere men but against superior spirits. Nevertheless, with the Christ-life strong in us we will be able to stand against the wiles of the devil "in all things perfect." Using the defensive armor of faith and the offensive armor of the new word of God, the New Testa-

ment of love of God and neighbor, we foil the devil and put him back in his place.

Therefore Our Lord sees fit to remind us once more of the import of this "word of God," His command of charity. It is a must for every Christian. God's love is immense, He tells us, but the Christian must correspond to God's love before God will allow His love to work in and for us and be our final security (*Gospel*).

Perhaps circumstances have forced the overlord to check his accounts and be a little more careful of his financial condition. His accountants tell him of one man who owes him ten thousand talents, perhaps \$20,000,000. This is an extraordinary debt, but not an impossible one in ancient or modern times. The money must have been invested in property; and so the overlord was about to confiscate the property of the debtor. It is possible that his wife and children were in part responsible for the indebtedness. Even if they were not, they could have been sold to help meet the debt, for, as wife and children, they were considered to be and be our final security. (*Gospel*).

This crisis was not only a disgrace and shame for the debtor, it was also a heartbreaking thing, especially in view of his family. He falls at the feet of his master and begs for time, but not for so kind a treatment as a lessening or cancellation of the debt. There seems to be some possibility of at least a partial payment... or is it a desperation move? But the overlord is moved to compassion at the sight of the wretched man at his feet and magnanimously forgives

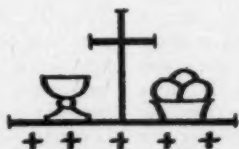
him the entire debt.

So far we have had a picture of God in His goodness forgiving us our debt of reparation and expiation to Him as we come to the reckoning at the end of our lives. In what follows we have a picture of what it might be like if our correspondence to God's charity in dealing with our fellow men is as little as the debtor's.

The debtor leaves the merciful master and finds, as he goes out, a friend who owes him one hundred denarii, about \$20.00. We immediately compare this with the \$20,000, 000 from which he has just been released. And what do we behold! He grabs the man, strangles him yelling: "Pay me what you owe!" The victim uses the same words spoken by the villain just a few moments earlier. He does not ask for charity but for time, and this small amount can easily be repaid. But no, his creditor would not wait. He used the full force of the law, even hurting himself in further postponement of payment by imprisoning his victim.

Even his friends revolt at such an outrage. It is unreasonable. They report the matter to the overlord, and he summons the wicked servant and condemns him for his utter lack of charity and common decency. The master excuses the wife and children this time and punishes the offender alone, for all the guilt is in his grasping hands and hard heart. Mercy is out of the question now, and he is sent to the torturers.

Our Lord says to us this Sunday that we will be treated as the villain if we have not charity in our lives when we come to the last judgment. We must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven. Having made a good start in the Christ-life, we must persevere. We do this by continually offering ourselves for the love of all (*Secret*). Then we will be certain of our hope of salvation (*Communion*), for it is a certainty that Mass and Communion will be a pledge of blessed immortality (*Postcommunion*) if we make our charity and sacrifices a completion and fulfillment of our love and sacrifice.



# movie of the month...

## "Showboat"

Seamus Fleming

I WOULD NOT guarantee it as a fact of theatrical history, but "Showboat" may have been the ancestor of the present crop of musical comedies on Broadway. The musical comedy, with rare exceptions, was, till recently, a series of song-and-dance acts, very loosely strung on a completely idiotic plot; the modern musical comedy is, more properly, an operetta—a play with music, the music and songs so designed as to advance the plot, rather than interrupt it.

"Showboat," of course, doesn't fit the latter formula—the music could be omitted with no great gaps left in the story; on the other hand, it doesn't fit the former description, either, since there is a very definite story. In fact, the original stage show was written according to the modern formula, beginning with a novel, by Edna Ferber, the musical adaptation coming after the book was a proven success. At the time, the show was a standout from the other productions on Broadway for the very reason that it had a coherent plot, though a somewhat simple and melodramatic one from modern standards.

The book is no longer a best-seller, but the musical seems to have become one of the perennials of the theatre. It keeps cropping up in summer music theatres, the songs have become almost a part of American folk-music (especially "Old Man River") and the movies remake it regularly every ten or fifteen years. A new version has just arrived from the Hollywood cameras, done to the hilt with stars, technicolor and hullabaloo, and will probably be a huge box-office success, just as were all its predecessors.

However, in some ways, this version is a toned-down one. "Showboat" was, originally, a rather outspoken piece of work so far as the topic of race prejudice was concerned; amazingly so for a musical comedy of its vintage. Not only was "Old Man River," for the time, a rather bitter song about the Negro's hard lot—a fact sometimes not noticeable, since we have become familiar with the words, and particularly with the expurgated version sometimes used on the radio—but a large part of the melodrama in the plot was provided by the fact that one of the entertainers was a

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girl of "mixed blood," and the Southern townspeople, discovering this, start a riot and attempt to destroy the boat and entertainers.

The original movie version, as I remember, had not only Paul Robeson in the part of Joe, the roustabout, but Helen Morgan as the quadroom. Robeson, perhaps because of his consciousness of the bias against the Negro which later led him down the road to Communism, made it impossible for you to ignore the meaning of his part; Miss Morgan made her problem one of the saddest ever to reach the screen. The new version has a singer named, I believe, William Warfield playing Joe, and Ava Gardner as the girl; Warfield is a good singer, Miss Gardner has a small, "adequate" (to use a music critic's euphemism) voice—

neither of them puts any more feeling in the songs or the part than they would if they were acting in a foreign language.

This, in fact, is the main criticism I have to make of the whole film—there is practically no feeling anywhere in it, except, perhaps, in the work of Joe E. Brown, who plays Captain Andy. He manages to act, rather than, like the rest of the cast, merely repeat words. As a result, and also as a result of somewhat playing down the remarks of miscegenation and prejudice, the film loses what dramatic impact it might have, and becomes merely another color musical, in costume. However, Jerome Kern's songs, ably, if not perfectly, sung by Warfield and Gardner, and by Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, make this a picture worth seeing, if not as worth seeing as it might have been. (A-2).

\* \* \*

"The Frogmen" is the latest in the series of films glorifying the U.S. Navy; this time, the subject is the underwater demolition teams, who, equipped with some very peculiar-looking gimmicks for operating under the surface, enter enemy mine fields and map them, mine enemy shipping, spy out enemy positions, and carry on other such pleasant sports in naval combat zones.

This is one of those films about the new, young officer (played by Richard Widmark) who takes over a team of men who prefer their previous officer. The ex-boss was the back-slapping type; Widmark is the reserved type, not given to friendliness. This, of course, makes



Richard Widmark and Dana Andrews star in  
**The Frogmen**



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for much difficulty in getting the men to work with him properly; however, right triumphs in the end, and Widmark becomes the idol of his assistants.

There isn't a great deal of plot to this picture, but the actual operations of the team are very interesting, if you are interested in the technical details of the more specialized combat units; there are some exciting adventure sequences, and the underwater episodes are suspenseful, even if you aren't somewhat afraid of swimming under water to begin with. (A-1)

\* \* \*

The latest foreign import of worth is a Czechoslovakian production of Hans Christian Anderson's "The Emperor's Nightingale." This is a beautifully done film, using dolls for actors, and a wonderful film for adults and for any child who hasn't given up fairy tales for Superman. Lest you worry about language difficulties, the film has a commentary written by Phyllis McGinley, one of our better minor poets, and delivered by Boris Karloff, in a non-scary mood. Karloff has a fine, perfectly controlled voice (he is one of Hollywood's best actors, given a chance) and he uses it to perfection in telling fairy tales. By all means, see this, if you have a chance.

Incidentally, it might be of interest to those who have been noticing Hollywood's complaints about falling movie attendance and the inroads of television that the so-called "art" theatres, those which show only selected foreign and American films, have been doing a land-office

business. There is, I believe, at least one of these in every city of over a hundred thousand population, and some in smaller towns; in Chicago for instance, each of these theatres has a waiting line for every performance, while the theatres which show nothing but the standard Hollywood output have been closing down on the average of one a week.

It seems that the movies can still do quite well when they provide pictures worth seeing.

\* \* \*

If you liked "Francis," the picture about the talking Army mule, you will probably be amused with "Francis Goes to the Races," a sequel involving racetrack gamblers, information literally from the horses' mouths, and such goings-on. Personally, I like Donald O'Connor and would rather not see him playing second fiddle to a camera trick; however, the picture manages to be light and amusing in a slapstick sort of way in spite of its trick basis. (A-1).

\* \* \*

For many years people have been complaining of the false social values brought about by college fraternities and sororities, the effect exclusion from one of these has on a sensitive student; in fact, some schools have outlawed them completely. Finally, Hollywood has gotten around to the problem. In "Take Care of My Little Girl," they consider the plight of three girls, one who wants to get in and does, one who wants to get in and doesn't, and one who doesn't care. The third seems to be the most sensible atti-



tude; in most colleges nowadays the sorority and the fraternity are nowhere near the powers they once were, and certainly not as powerful as the film makes them. It no longer is a world calamity to be left out of one.

The film stars Jeanne Crain and Jean Peters; it has some few amusing moments, but on the whole, it presents a picture of college life

that no student of my acquaintance would recognize. Perhaps if the studios had produced it fifteen years ago, before much of the agitation about such groups began and before the influx of veteran students killed much of the fraternity prestige, the picture might have been important; now it is somewhat on the order of announcing with bated breath, a film against flogging in the U.S. Navy. (A-2).

## RECOMMENDED MOVIES

### A-1: FAMILY

*The Great Caruso*: Mario Lanza in a much-changed version of Caruso's life, but with very nice music.

*Kon-Tiki*: Across the Pacific on a raft in pursuit of an anthropological theory about the origin of the Polynesians—very exciting, and authentic.

*King Solomon's Mines*: Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr in a somewhat changed version of H. Rider Haggard's classic. Full of animals as a zoo broken loose, and with some wonderful scenes of African village life.

*Wooden Soldiers*: Laurel and Hardy and Victor Herbert's child classic re-issued. Much fun.

### A-2 : ADULTS

*Brave Budds*: All about bull-fighting, and quite informative; not too good a plot aside from the scenes in the bull-rings.

*Cyrano de Bergerac*: Now making the rounds at standard prices, and more worth-while at such a rate. Josè Ferrer is not the best Cyrano but the show is better than the average Hollywood output.

*Five*: What happens after all but five human beings die in an atomic war. Terrifying in its possibility, though not done as well as could be.

*Lorna Doone*: Movie version of the old thriller—full of evil lairds and earnest young heroes; swordplay and such excitement.







RAIN ON THE WIND

THE FOUNDLING

JESUS AND I

**RAIN ON THE WIND.** By Walter Macken. The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y. 312 pp. \$3.00.

The hand of God was on Mico Mór. And the Irish fisherfolk of the Claddagh knew it—it was as plain to them as the long bluish-red mark that streaked down the side of his face from his temple to his chin. "God's finger they called it, when they didn't call it anything worse."

From his birth, trouble seemed to follow Mico Mór like the hungry, screaming gulls that circled about the boats in the bay. He meant no harm to anyone. The big lumbering hulk of him wanted nothing more from life than the dour, back-breaking task of wrestling a meager life from the sea. From the time he was a tottering lad in a red petticoat when he had watched his father, big Micil, and old Gran slide away from the granite quay out into the bay to the sea beyond, Mico thought of nothing, yearned for nothing but the day he would put to sea—a fisherman.

The hand of God was on Mico when He gave him a brother who "had all the brains in the family." Mico loved the tall, handsome lad

with penetrating eyes, high austere forehead crowned with golden waves of hair. It was small wonder to Mico that their mother loved Tommy more, loved him till there was no love left in her heart for the great, hulking clod with the "turkey face."

And there was Peter, brilliant flashing-eyed Peter with a great shock of flaming hair. The hand of God reached down again through this friend when, after an accident, Peter's mind began to fail. The ringing in his ears, the pounding pain in his head drove him to the edge of a cliff that hung over a lonely stretch of the coast. When the throbbing came again, it was simple. Almost without knowing it, Peter rolled over three times and toppled down, down, twisting and rolling through the air to the black rock that waited below, half swallowed in the jaws of the hungry sea. It was this picture of the twisting, falling body which Mico painted over and over again on the canvas of his mind, though he had never seen the original. The grief of it almost killed him.

And Maeve, lovely, laughing Maeve, whose eyes could open the

doorway to heaven, also brought the hand of God upon him. She filled him with a love that ate out his heart, the love known only to lovers who have and have not. She told him never again to be ashamed of the ghastly thing that smeared down his face. She touched it, and he loved her. But it was his best friend she married. Even after her husband was lost in the sea, and Mico found her a home and a new life, she didn't know he loved her. It wasn't until he found her in the arms of his brother Tommy, and the shame and rage of it drove him to put out to sea in the hell-blown fury of a storm, that she knew he loved her. When he had burned out his rage, purged it from him in the storm, he found her waiting.

Walter Macken, the author of *Rain on the Wind*, is an actor and playwright by profession. In this, his third novel, he has reached back into the memories of his childhood to the days when he sat on the Claddagh quay and watched the big, weather-browned fishermen hoist their sail to the breeze and put out to sea. He watched these men, men like Mico and his father, big Micil, and his stooped, sea-wise grandfather, old Gran. He watched these men in their mortal struggle with the sea, the wretched, endless poverty it held them in, and its mysterious call that drew them on, a spell that was an alchemy of tender love and acid hate.

*Rain on the Wind* tells its story with the simplicity and directness of great art. A powerful story, told with delicacy, it possesses an un-

contrived and untrammelled integrity both in its plot and telling. The story begins on the quay side with Mico a tot in a red flannel petticoat, with the fearful mark of God on his face portending dark things to sadden the bright sky of his robust youth. The story ends on the same quay where Mico finds the courage to literally "face the world"—now with a woman at his side who has found a love for him.

You will remember these simple people for a long time. Like their story, they are unpretentious. But their story, as their lives, is filled with an intensity and drama that rises like a mist from the sea and comes sweeping across the land as *Rain on the Wind*.

Geoffrey Gaughan, O.S.B.



**THE FOUNDLING.** By Francis Cardinal Spellman. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597-599 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y. 304 pp. \$2.75.

If you think a Cardinal can't write a good novel you have another guess coming. Brace your feet and tighten your safety belt, for in this book you are going to be piloted by a master pilot, on an unscheduled flight that now skims the earth to pinpoint cruel details that will roil your emotions, excite your compassion even to tears; that now ascends the

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heights with dauntless intrepidity that is still mellowed with compassion truly Christ-like.

At times you will, with this reviewer, feel that the pilot is heading the wrong way when squalls are looming ahead. You would like to have scheming old Snoggins have the controls in the matter of Peter's adoption by Paul, and you could just choke Maureen when she frustrates the plan. You see pain, heart-cutting pain, for loved characters, and you can't take it. You will lay the book aside for awhile. You would like to tell the pilot a few things, too, but—well you just don't talk like that to a Cardinal.

So ends part one in a truce—but a bitter truce, and many hearts are aching because the pilot had to follow as guide, not human emotions, but the unfailing radar of Faith—though with great compassion.

In part two, years have passed and all is peace. There are long happy days, but there are brutal days ahead. You will delight in the happy comradeship of Peter and Chub, a colored lad at Mount Mary, you will chuckle at the delicious humor of Chub expressed in figures of speech that only a colored boy could invent. Then suddenly, brutally, life strikes at Chub and your heart will bleed with pity. But he meets the cruel blow with,—well, just wait till you see the beauty of character brought out.

And a vacation summer comes to Peter and "love" comes to him, and Helen is like a "breath of primroses." You can almost see the author grinning, but he is under-

standingly sympathetic as with "feathered fingers" he plays the solo of Peter's heartthrobs.

Sister Crescentia dies. Under her skillful teaching Peter had become an expert pianist. She left to Peter a composition of three movements, asking him to complete the fourth. Her parts are recognized by high authorities as showing real genius. But Peter's efforts meet with failure on failure. Only great suffering and the scars of war that make him an object of pity to most, but of greater love to the faithful Barbara, will bring out the latent genius.

The story ends in a great major chord of fidelity and love and hope. Human love through suffering is lifted up and distilled to its rarest essence, made heavenly and most ripe for the outpouring of sacramental grace.

And let all wives and betrothed ones in these days mark well the words of Ellen to Paul when he returns from war, maimed in figure and feature, longing for her love but almost hopeless, seeing ahead only loneliness, futility, despair: "It does make a difference. Tonight I'm really beginning to love you." This book is filled with the compassion of Christ for all men, whatever their color or religion, whatever the conditions of their birth, whatever their failings.

One cannot help wondering at His Eminence's clear understanding and grasp of the technique of novel-writing. Moreover, a wealth of humor with many delightful turns of expression runs through the book.

The book well deserves the popularity it is now enjoying.

Cardinal Spellman has given all the rights to this book to the New York Foundling Hospital, which cares for children of all races, colors or creeds.

*J. S., O.S.B.*

**JESUS AND I.** By Jean Plaquevent. Translated by Emma Craufurd; illustrations by Mary Taylor. Sheed & Ward, 830 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. 92 pp. \$1.75.

Nearly everyone comes to regret the loss of his childhood simplicity, because it is only after a person has grown up that he comes to realize the integrity of mind and soul that accompany childhood. Simplicity is one of the most beautiful qualities that a child possesses and it carries with it almost every other virtue.

Here is a book designed for children, as charming as it is simple. Older children will enjoy reading it for themselves, and tots will be spell-bound with delight to hear their parents read the book to them.

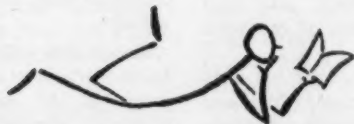
The book is arranged in the form of a series of conversations between

the Child Jesus and any young boy or girl of today. The first conversation is "Mostly About How Very Nice Jesus Is," and other subjects include "About How Difficult It Is to Be Obedient," and "About Lessons." An attainable ideal of holiness is presented to the child, based on a happy and confident friendship with the Child Jesus.

The book will go a long way toward fixing the simplicity of small children on the firm foundation that is Christ. The author has the ability to present dogma on the intellectual plane of the child, and to make that dogma understandable and attractive. And there are none of the pious exaggerations that sometimes creep into children's books, and into adults' books, too.

Today, many educators hold that children must be attracted and entertained, if they are to assimilate what they have been taught. There is much truth in that opinion, and this little book would seem to be based—partially, at least—on that idea. It might be said that *Jesus and I* indicates the answer to the problem of the catechetical instruction of the very young.

*Ambrose Frey, O.S.B.*



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## BY THE GRACE OF GOD

*Selected From*

*Christ In Our Brethren by Raoul Plus, S.J. A Grail Publication.*

WHEN OUR LORD asked His apostles if they were able to taste of his chalice, they answered: "*We are able.*" And only the grace of God can give these valiant souls who yearn to save others, the courage to leave their sheltered corner and throw themselves resolutely into the breach.

Do we know what *to depart* means? To be dragged away from all we love, to leave everything: places and persons who are dear to us, and a crowd of things, often unimportant in themselves, but which we loved, which could hold us back, wind themselves round us, and impose on us their captivating though useless existence—to leave all this forever. To leave this world is to quit the paternal roof to which we are bound by a hundred links. Can we imagine the bitterness of such a separation? To wander for the last time along the garden paths where,

as tiny children, we used to play, knew every rock and stone, and before leaving to gather a flower to be pressed in a book together with a precious photograph, a rose maybe from a bush which our beloved mother planted. To cast a parting glance over the bedroom with its cot still in its familiar corner, the room where death first visited the house, and to bid good-bye to our own room, so full of memories, where we loved to read and work and pray, how many prayers, at the bedside before the large crucifix given to us by some relative; to note for the last time the discreet little pencil-marks on the dining-room door which showed the height we attained at different ages: it was long ago, at such and such an age, that the first thought of going off came to us. At times like these above all others, the smallest thing is a relic.

We say truly "*the smallest thing,*" and a soul called to the religious life,

writing on the eve of her departure, remarks: "Mere trifles cling to me: my room arranged as I like it, my bed facing the window and the holy water stoup beside it, the photograph on my table: it costs me dearly to break them all, and *yet I must.*"

A Little Sister of the Poor, a valiant soul, asked one day: "What did you bring away with you when you left home?" The answer was: "Twelve pocket-hankerchiefs so that I could have my cry out."

Nor must we think that to yield to these natural emotions denotes

lack of self-control. St. Teresa herself, when speaking of her departure to the convent at the age of twenty, declares that: "When I crossed the threshold of my father's house for the last time, I was so upset that I do not think the hour of death can bring me more acute suffering."

The unfortunate individual who speaks insultingly to a priest or nun, never suspects the wonderful power of love, for God and for himself, which was needed to induce this soul to leave his home and take up a life of renunciation and apostolic labours.

PICTURE CREDITS: Sylvester Grabl, O.S.B., 1, 3, 33, 36, 45, 51, 56, 57, 58, 60. John Harding, 6. F. P. G., 19, 21. Triangle Photo Service, 20. Ewing Galloway, 22, 26. Black Star, 23. Harris Ewing, 24. Three Lions 25. Meinrad Kinder, 10, 26, 27. Richmond Times Dispatch, 47.

## OUR BACK COVER THOUGHT ---

*Serve God always with the good things He has given you.*

Prologue of Holy Rule

**S**AINT BENEDICT reminds us that, as children of God by the grace of adoption, we are richly endowed with gifts with which to serve Him. The life of God in us is sanctifying grace. Many supernatural gifts accompany this life. First of all, there are the infused virtues of faith, hope and charity, as well as the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Besides these first gifts of God that accompany Baptism, there are the countless actual graces throughout life known only to God and to the soul who has received them...the grace of conversion from error to truth, from sinfulness to penitence, from indolence to zeal, from medio-

crity to holiness.

Nor must the Christian workman forget the many natural gifts that God has bestowed on him...the gift of health, of native intelligence, of skill with the hands, of an understanding heart, of a good family and the companionship of good people, of a loyal partner in marriage, of the ability to teach others, of the knack for making things grow, of a singing voice, of laughter to cheer the hearts of others. Let us, then, who are so blessed by God, serve Him always with the good things He has given us so that one day He will not disinherit us for wasting His gifts and for refusing to follow Him to glory.



## YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR

THE DAY COACH was crowded, and only two seats were left, one beside a distinguished-looking gray-haired man with a deep tan, the other next to a pretty blonde who was carefully making up her face and surveying the result in a compact mirror with obvious satisfaction. I chose the seat beside the gray-haired man, knowing that my wife would be at the depot to meet me.

The gentleman removed his brief case and placed it in the overhead rack. We fell into easy conversation. He was a good listener.

I told him I was a writer, outlined the plot of my latest story, showed him a picture of my wife and six children. He learned that I was a Catholic, a Democrat disgruntled with the new deal, that I had radical views about American foreign policy, that once I had narrowly escaped death in a blizzard, and that I feared an atomic war with Russia.

The time passed so pleasantly that I was surprised to find I had been talking for three hours and that we were coming into the Nashville Union depot. I shook hands with my genial companion and he followed me out of the car.

There seemed to be a rather large crowd at the depot, and in the background I noticed the American Legion Band. My wife spotted me and came hurrying through the crowd with two small fry clinging to her skirts. Our embrace was satisfactory and I turned to introduce my late companion to her, but he was shaking hands with a familiar figure who looked like the Governor of Tennessee. The Legion Band broke forth with "Anchors Aweigh."

I was gawking after the distinguished gray-haired man, who was walking away arm in arm with the governor.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked my wife. "Did you lose your wallet or something?"

"Tell me, honey," I croaked, "who is that man with the governor?"

"That man, darling," she said with a twinkle, "is Admiral Byrd. You just got off the train with him."



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